

# The GRAPHIC



Twentieth Year—May 17, 1913

Los Angeles, California—Price Ten Cents

## A DREAM OF SUMMER

By JOHN W. WOOD

O, golden dreams, when memory idly turns  
To long past scenes, to thoughts of tender days,  
To glimpse of verdant woods, of dipping ferns  
Where rippling stream sings amorous roundelays;

I dream of meadows where the night dews gleam,  
Where lilting thrushes mock the wild lark's cry;  
Of tasseled corn whose silken banners stream  
Like elfin braids, athwart the azure sky;

Of orchards where the apple blossoms blow,  
Where droning bees sip stores of nectar sweet;  
Where amber days in benedictions flow,  
And tangled clover trips the wandering feet;

Of woodland deeps, where on long summer days  
Come barefoot boys, their vagrant joys to glean;  
The swirling pool where lonesome pickerel plays,  
The cozy nook o'er which the willows lean.

O, happy trick! that blots too eager years  
And spans them o'er with fond alluring dreams,  
One magic touch and lo! Time disappears,  
And we forget what Is, for that which Seems.

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TWENTIETH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR



## DEMOCRATIC HOUSE KEEPS ITS PLEDGES

WITHOUT any of the palaver and bluster that marked the progress of the debates over the alleged tariff revision schedules of 1909 the Democratic house, under the skillful leadership of Representative Underwood, has kept the pledge of the party in a manner provocative of the highest encomiums of the people. With an absence of circumlocution, having no desire to conceal purpose by indulging in wordy discussions the tariff committee moved straight to its goal knowing that the party had been entrusted with power for a definitive purpose. The objections of the opposition were given respectful hearing, but swerved the majority in no degree from its duty. By a leeway of 142 votes the general tariff measure, the lowest the country has known, has been ratified in the house and now goes to the senate for consideration.

It is in the upper branch of congress, where the Democratic majority is small, that the tug will come, just as it came in 1894 when the Gorman-Wilson bill was so amended, so radically changed from the house measure that it was almost unrecognizable. The bill became a law without Mr. Cleveland's signature. It was the one great weakness of his two administrations. A presidential veto should have shown his disapproval of the acts of Democratic senators who were derelict to the trust reposed in them by their constituents and false to their party tenets. At this time free wool and free sugar are the rocks upon which southern and western Democratic senators may split, but it is believed the majority will accept the bill without material change, their sentiments being reflected, in the main, by Senator Thompson of Kansas who finds so many good things in the measure that the objectionable features are more than counterbalanced.

President Wilson's idea throughout, which has governed the revisionists, has been the shaping of a competitive tariff, which will place Americans on an equality with foreign producers. It will mean smaller profits for the manufacturers, but lower prices to consumers and this has been the moving factor in the work of the tariff committee. Bearing a specific commission, direct from the people, to legislate in their interests rather than in that of the manufacturers, for the first time in fifty years the tariff has been remodeled solely to benefit the masses rather than the privileged few. The "protective" principle has accomplished its purpose; our sturdy industries no longer require coddling. Their demands have gone far beyond the original intent of the statesmen who framed the "protective" policy, with a desire to encourage our struggling manufactures. It has built up trusts and monopolies, it has so handicapped the indepen-

dent competitor that his freedom of initiative is restricted. The high tariff has made it possible for the trusts to dominate the domestic market and establish prices.

What many of us hope will result from the low tariff is a greater field of trade for all American manufacturers. Mr. Wilson has told us that the so-called "protective" tariff has robbed Americans of their independence, resourcefulness and self-reliance. He is right. The argument that by abrogating the "protective" tariff duties our manufacturers will be ruined is as cowardly as the cry of the Johnson-Tveitmoe agitators that the occupation of 13,000 acres of land in California by Japanese spells disaster to the owners of the other 999,873,000 acres in the state. If the labor wage of Europe is lower the skill of American workmen is so much greater that the higher cost of production, so far as labor enters into it, is more than offset by the increased and better output of our factories. Ex-President Eliot of Harvard has voiced what many of us have often thought that the chief objection to "protective" legislation is a moral one—in that it diminishes the enterprise, self-reliance, and sense of justice of the population as a whole. It has enthroned privilege, corrupted government, debased public morals, and undermined democracy, in the words of the late William Lloyd Garrison. It has tended to economic waste. The United States senate will be expected by the people to conform to the wishes of the majority as expressed at the polls last November. If it fails to do so there will be trouble brewing of a serious nature. This is not 1894. The country has cut its eye-teeth since the rape of the Wilson bill was consummated in the upper house.

## FREAKISH AND COSTLY SESSION CLOSES

WEARY and bedraggled though they may have been, and with their eyes bloodshot from loss of sleep, this description of the legislators after their Sunday day and night debates in the closing work of the fortieth session fails to arouse commiseration. They sowed only what they reaped. Hours and days and weeks even were wasted in fruitless discussion over the unwarranted and uncalled for anti-alien land bill to the exclusion of legitimate legislation, or what passed for such with the legislature, whose official duties were supposed to close at noon Monday. It was evident after the Webb bill went to the governor, following remarkable exhibition of prejudice, narrowness and cowardice, that the penalty would come in a hurried consideration of delayed bills with consequent loss of sleep to the foolish lawmakers.

Thirteen hundred new laws are said to be the product of the curious collection of legislators from whose deliberations—save the mark—the state is to suffer, or about thirty-three and one-third per cent of the total number of bills introduced. It will require an appendix to the code to carry them and until they are thus codified the worst will not be known. Only an approximation of the reprehensible nature of the new laws created can be given at this time. The lavish appropriations authorized by our unrepresentatives amount to forty million dollars, ten millions more than the estimated state income for the ensuing two years. If the governor gives his approval to the extravagancies indorsed by the legislature the deficit will have to be met by an ad valorem tax, not a pleasing matter to contemplate. The governor's idea is to supplant the law by the establishment of commissions, whose ipse dixits are to govern. Thus, we shall have an immigration commission, a minimum wage commission, a "blue sky" commission, a water commission, with other boards and bureaus too nu-

merous to be scheduled here, but all expensive. They will probably cost the taxpayers from \$1,500,000 to \$2,000,000 biennially, including salary raises in departments previously established.

For the one-sided "workmen's compensation act" there was about as strong a demand as there was for the anti-alien land bill. Both had their genesis in sordid politics and the governor's ambition to line up certain elements in support of his presidential ambitions in 1916 is mainly responsible for their passage. As for the baiting of the Japanese it is the result of an unholy alliance with the head of the Asiatic Exclusion League, the professional agitator Tveitmoe, whose support is to be enlisted for Johnson when he aspires to quadrennial year honors. It is a vicious measure, in small degree reflective of the desires of the people.

## BETRAYED BY HIS LOCUM TENENS

ALTHOUGH more than a week has elapsed since the United States formally recognized the new republic of China the American people have impatiently awaited word from President Yuan Shi Kai to Mr. William Randolph Hearst in acknowledgment of his services in bringing about the felicitous circumstance. Ignorant and uninformed persons may have thought that the state department at Washington, together with the President, was mainly responsible for the official recognition, but those of us who have studied national and international affairs for years know that nothing of any importance takes place save through the medium of Mr. Hearst and his mouthorgans. He has repeatedly assured us of the fact.

Consequently, it was with no surprise, but rather with feelings of gratification at our prescience that we were greeted this morning with the most unusual sight of a picture of the modest Willie Hearst on the front page of his own paper—the Los Angeles Examiner—and we thrilled with pride as the thought occurred that, doubtless, synchronously, his fellow citizens in those privileged centers where his mouthorgans vibrate, were gazing upon his benevolent features. For, needless to say, the conspicuous posting of the retiring Mr. Hearst's Grecian nose and bovine eyes—considering his known reluctance to such publicity—was due to the pestiferous activities of his acolytes who thus took liberties with his lineaments. How could they be so rash and heartless, knowing so well his acute dislike for all forms of self-aggrandizement?

But, we submit, they had a duty to perform, regardless of the displeasure of their shy and unostentatious chief. The president of the new Chinese republic, learning, through the medium of the Hearst papers, what great obligations his rejuvenated country owed to the diffident and reserved Randolph and spurred to a response by the congratulatory message projected by the unpretentious William replied to it through the Chinese minister at Washington, Chang Yin Tang, who duly transmitted the translation to the bashful publisher. How this private telegram fluttered from the clutch of its coy recipient into the hands of the helots of the Hearst press we cannot imagine. But we deal with stern facts. The hirelings, with ruthless disregard of the agony they were inflicting on the most diffident of his sex, caused the words of Yuan Shi Kai to be set forth first page, top of seven columns, sympathetically sandwiched on either side of the verecund visage of the man whose confidence they had so wantonly betrayed. We beg that he will forgive them this great breach of trust. Remember the provocation, the temptation to give to the world this message from the head of the republic



in the Orient to the virtual head—his modest deprecation to the contrary, notwithstanding—of the Occidental republic.

Of course, there are scoffing Philistines who will recall that the Hearst papers have about as much use for a Chinaman in California as they have for a Japanese; that they would deny either or both the scantiest courtesy, rallying ever to the support of that high priest of bigotry and dynamite proclivities. Hon. Tveitmoe of the Asiatic Exclusion League. To such we would respectfully suggest that what the Hearst papers do for pelf and what the philanthropic William Randolph does from aesthetic promptings are vastly different propositions. He deplores the printing of his own picture, for instance, in his own papers, it causes him secret grief, but he nobly sacrifices his feelings to give pleasure to his countrymen. What is he when a million readers are in the balance? It is more than ten days since his features had been displayed top column, first page, next to pure reading matter, and the public was impatient for another Hearstian feast. It is content. Let the world wag on.

#### ANOTHER BLOW AT CONVENTIONALITY

JUDGE MONROE, in the Los Angeles superior court, was astonished recently to learn that a young woman who had been seduced by her employer, had refused to marry him, notwithstanding the fact that a child was born as a result of their intimacy. The judge said it was the first time he had ever heard of such a thing. Yet the idea is not new, and if the learned jurist were in close touch with the progressive literature of the day he would realize that the principle of the young woman in the case is now beginning to be recognized by students of society as in every way of the highest morality. John Galsworthy has written a play, "The Eldest Son," in which the father of an unfortunate girl, logically enough, refuses to accept such belated amends, and Stanley Houghton's drama, "Hindle Wakes," might almost have been taken direct from the Los Angeles incident.

Traditional and superficial ideas of morality, where they are mere sops to convention and outward respectability, and have no relation with or basis upon character itself, are rapidly going by the boards. A girl is seduced by an unscrupulous man. Conventionality at once declares her an outcast, regardless of circumstances or of the nature of the temptation to which she was subjected. The old unwritten law insisted that the victim should marry the cause of her disgrace. In other words, an outcast plus a blackguard, make one respectable family. Stuff and nonsense! Does smallpox plus tuberculosis make for good health? Diseases of the body social are amenable to much the same laws as those of the body physical. The wrong once done cannot be righted by another wrong. What a travesty upon justice to declare to a suffering woman that her only salvation is to tie herself for life to a man whom she has every reason to dislike and distrust. Often, the demand is made in the name of the unborn, yet at what stage does that embryo life cease to become dishonest and suddenly acquire a right to existence. Must the marriage ceremony be performed before the child is born, or would it not do as well afterward? If the latter, how old must the child be to find rescue from disgrace in the formal union of its parents? One year, or five, or twenty-five? The theory does not hold water.

"But," the opportunist interposes, "they can marry for the sake of avoiding the disgrace, and then procure a divorce." This subterfuge is unworthy of any person having a modicum of self-respect. Divorce is falling into disrepute just for the reason that so many thoughtless and reckless persons look upon it as "the way out" as they rush into matrimonial alliances, the success of which they regard as doubtful. A marriage which is contracted for the purposes of the ceremony alone is even more immoral than the act which led to it, for it prostitutes not merely an individual, but a sacred institution. For the

young woman who so surprised the Los Angeles justice, there are few who will not entertain the greatest admiration and the profoundest respect.

#### DISCLOSING A PUNGENT TRUTH

WOMAN is leading man to his destiny in this country is the conclusion of Dr. Bernard Taft, a Frenchman now in New York—novelist, lecturer, sociologist and Parisian to the finger tips. The distinguished visitor confesses that he knows little of personal life in the United States at first hand. He is not in a position to assert that woman rules the household. But he has been using his eyes on the street to good purpose, and, as a result, he finds that, compared with man, woman looks strong and masterful, not necessarily tyrannical nor even unpleasantly autocratic. "What I mean to convey," he has explained to a New York interviewer, "is that she is unconsciously the leading spirit in your cosmogony, and man, without knowing it, is her willing and submissive agent. Like a child he follows her about."

Whether this influence is for the good or ill of our menfolk the Frenchman does not pretend to say, but those of us who have been under guidance may perhaps be better qualified to answer. In the first place, American women, in the mass, are less frivolous than their Parisian sisters, in which city Dr. Bernard Taft naturally gets his contrasts. Having a different social status they are more self-assertive; they are greater readers, ergo, deeper thinkers than Frenchwomen, hence more independent of action. Frenchmen do not defer so much to their wives as we do in this country. Over there the man's ipse dixit is accepted as final by the submissive wife. Over here she debates the question. Why? she asks, and unless he can give excellent reason for his stand he must inevitably recede, for she is the better logician, as a rule.

Our menfolk are, perhaps, so foolishly fond of their women that they allow them to tyrannize the least bit over them. They are willing to be "led to their destiny" without great cavil, for they have implicit confidence in the good judgment of their leaders. If a woman insists on studying the shop windows man meekly halts also. In Europe, it is different; over there the woman is invariably half a step behind her liege lord. Here, she is half a step ahead and walks with an alert, confident gait. This is the difference our visitor has detected and which leads him to offer the observations noted. In a way he has hit upon a great truth. Women do lead us; that is why the majority of American men are so decent, so "livable."

#### DEATH PENALTY FOR MURDERERS UPHELD

FOLLOWING the lead of the state senate, which put a quietus on the mollycoddling of murderers by refusing to approve a bill abolishing capital punishment, the assembly in like manner has rejected a house bill which provided that the death penalty shall not be imposed for murder of the first degree unless unanimously recommended by the jury. We hail this return to sanity with considerable satisfaction, especially since many who two years ago were favorably inclined to an amendment of the constitution are now aligned with the majority. It is an oasis in the legislative desert of good sense.

To the argument that California, with capital punishment, has fifty per cent more crimes than Maine, which does not hang, we reply that, at least, Maine enforces her laws, thus inspiring respect in the minds of possible malefactors for the statutory mode of punishment. In California it is a notorious fact that our highest state officials, to wit the governor and lieutenant-governor, have viciously and repeatedly ignored the findings of judge and jury and in instances have set aside verdicts without justification. The Figueroa case, in which the lieutenant-governor outrageously interfered, is a flagrant instance of the perversion of justice.

That and other indefensible acts have conspired to engender disrespect for our laws and contempt for constituted authority in California. Moreover, the exasperating delays in criminal court practice have

further aided in bringing the law into disrepute. All this has its baneful effect on the criminally inclined, tending to encourage rather than discourage the irresponsible element. It is not vengeance that the upholders of capital punishment seek; it is protection for society. Remove the element of fear in the breasts of those having homicidal tendencies and the greatest bulwark against capital crime is demolished. The first duty of the authorities is to enforce the laws for the general good of the commonwealth. That, we regret to say, has not been the practice of Governor Johnson and the lieutenant-governor in respect to murderers.

#### JOHNSON'S "WE," THE STATE, ANALYZED

OF COURSE, nobody doubted that the anti-alien land bill would not be signed by the governor. It is his pet measure and is to be the lever by which he hopes to line up the labor vote of California in his behalf in 1916. He places his hand on his heart and to Secretary Bryan, in grandiose language, says, "I feel my duty to my state compels me to approve the action of the legislature." What a poseur is our Hiram! His duty to his state should be translated "His duty to his political ambition," since but for his insistence, the bill would have died the death. "We, of California, firmly believe we have violated no treaty rights." "The state of California feels it is its bounden duty to its citizens to do that which the interests of its people demand." Thus the executive rolls forth his sentences, with caesural pauses the while he gloats over the mouth-filling phrases. What a grandstand performer!

Who are "We, the people," that demand this bill? Senator Carr says his "demands" came from the labor organizations. Presumably, the clamorous telegrams received by Senator Thompson were of similar origin. As a matter of fact it was from that direction solely the "demand" came and we challenge the governor to show to the contrary. He and Tveitmoe constitute the "we" of California and the legislature was influenced by the executive to pass the bill in spite of the protests of representative business and professional men of the state. Carr's case is a typical one. He obeyed not the voice of the representative majority, but the biased and selfish demand of a small part of the community. When the governor declares that California has been forced to pass this bill "for the protection and preservation of the state" it is untrue. At no time was he or the legislature "forced" or even urged by the people to enact such legislation.

It is a fact that until the several bills bobbed up in the house and senate ninety-nine per cent of the electorate had no intimation that a conspiracy between Johnson and the head of the Asiatic Exclusion League was afoot to bring the state into conflict with a United States treaty and so into disrepute. Chambers of Commerce, Boards of Trade, Merchants' Associations, Real Estate Boards, horticultural and agricultural associations, ministers of the gospel, business and professional men from all over the state promptly protested against the passage of any alien land bill when they learned of the plan to discriminate against the Japanese, but to no avail. The Carrs and the Thompsons, the Birdsalls and Butlers and other Johnson controlled senators listened not to reason, but to prejudice and selfish interests and passed the measure. When the governor "denies flatly" that it carries any "intended offense" to Japan he is neither frank nor honest. It is aimed particularly at the Japanese and is contrary to the political doctrine of the United States that immigrants from all nations shall be placed on an equality basis.

Japan has kept the faith. The "gentlemen's agreement" of 1909 by which the migration of Japanese laborers to this coast was to be restricted has been scrupulously observed, as witness the present diminished numbers of Japanese in California as compared with three years ago. As for the "grave problem" the Japanese own about 13,000 acres of land in one hundred millions and have under lease perhaps 20,000 more. Is this "acute?" The governor tells Mr.



Bryan it is. But the governor is intensely and selfishly prejudiced. The "debates" in the legislature on the subject were a disgrace to the state. Mrs. Alice M. Brown of Sacramento county, who has been a resident of California for thirty-six years, writes that she listened to a two and a half hour talk by the assembly on the anti-alien land bill, the afternoon of April 15, and in all that time not one kindly word, not one humane thought, one twinkling glimpse of the great industrial service the Japanese render the state was heard. She continues:

It was a body of men race-mad. Christian kindness, American justice and amicability were buried beneath the violent passions of the barbaric man. We heard them boast they would see this bill pass though it would involve the state and nation in foreign complications at any cost. We heard: "Let war come"; and such ignominy was applauded. Those men, intoxicated by hatred, stood there and called for blood and desolation, for the shrieks and groans, and anguish of war that their petty prejudice should be satisfied. With such evil forces framing an alien land bill there ought to be no further need to prove its unfitness, its injustice, and discrimination.

Of the settlement at Florin so constantly cited as an example for the necessity of enacting alien land laws and of driving the Japanese out, Mrs. Brown, who has lived in that section since 1877, says that the soil is a shallow bedrock, abounding in sloughs. Irrigation is carried on by conducting the water through shallow ditches over the land. Hence, the ground must be level and the leveling and preparing it for planting is an expensive and laborious undertaking. The soil easily bakes and hardens and must be well plowed and cultivated and frequently loosened by hand labor. The rigorous work required militated against extensive cultivation. For years the production was small and Florin was unknown as a fruit-growing region. The whites with idle land gladly offered it to the Japanese on yearly payments at figures the land never brought before. By tireless industry, frugal living, the Japanese farmer changed that bare land into the finest of vineyards and berry patches, and in a few years had the land paid for, a better home made, and many of our comforts and necessities procured. As fast as his profits permit, he secures more and more of the necessities, the comforts, and even luxuries for his family, his home, and his farm. He is crowding out no one, he is making two blades of grass grow where none grew before. He is an asset to the state which is big enough and great enough to assimilate all aliens of any race or color, the unpatriotic governor and cowardly legislature to the contrary notwithstanding.

#### DUTIFUL SENATOR THOMPSON

FAITHFUL to the end Senator Thompson of a Los Angeles title and guarantee company was the last to leave the upper house at Sacramento in which branch of the legislature, it will be recalled, the amended Torrens land title bill was given its coup de grace. In the assembly the bill as amended would have saved the people of Los Angeles county upward of a million dollars a year, asserts Assemblyman Bloodgood, who states that abstract companies at the country seat get \$1,500,000 yearly to clear titles. Under the Torrens land act titles are established by the court and thereafter continued by the county recorder at a nominal fee for each transfer. With a guarantee by the state, a fund being provided through a small charge on each certificate passed, the Torrens law would have been easily operative and inexpensive.

It is charged by Assemblyman Bloodgood that the abstract and title companies succeeded in defeating the measure in the senate. It is too bad that Senator Thompson was so busy helping to exclude the Japanese from the state that he had no time to devote to the work of saving the people that million dollars annually noted by Mr. Bloodgood. His constituents, doubtless, were swamping him with telegrams, daily, imploring him to save the country from the great menace caused by the fearful Japanese population of 2 per cent of the whole. Naturally, his exertions to pass the anti-Japanese bill—that is its actual import—precluded his activities in other di-

rections. Besides, while that was uppermost it was impossible to do any other business and in the closing hours the great rush of bills made all efforts to pass the Torrens amendment unavailing.

We know how greatly Senator Thompson will deplore the failure to enact the needed legislation, but one cannot sacrifice the state merely to save a county a million dollars or so yearly. That would be placing sordid wishes before a great principle. Acting for the governor, who was reaching for the labor vote in 1916, he felt it his duty to show his contempt for United States treaties and, by heck! he did. We hope Alhambra will do their duty by the patriotic senator and meet him with brass bands and school children in white waving the flag he has flouted. We would suggest that a car of triumph be prepared drawn by the despised Japs. A copy of the Torrens land act might be placed on a pedestal well weighted down by one of the ponderous abstract books of the company Senator Thompson has served so faithfully.

#### FRANCIS F. BROWNE: AN APPRECIATION

LITERATURE in America, and especially in that part of the west that begins at Chicago and extends across the Rockies to the Pacific coast, has lost in the passing of Francis Fisher Browne one of its devoted servants, one of its truest followers. None of your flashy literary lights who owe their temporary altitude to an equally evanescent "best-seller" was he. His right to stellar rank in the aristocracy of books was earned in a lifetime of steadfast endeavor to raise to his high standard that host of writers that has been evolved west of the Alleghenies in the last forty years and which found in the pure English of Francis Browne an exemplar worthy of the closest study and emulation.

Few in the bounds recited, of those who have gained recognition in the ranks in which he was a beloved leader, can truthfully say that the editor and founder of the Chicago Dial was not at once an inspirer and mentor to higher and better work because of personal contact with him. Prior to the establishment of that critical journal of review, however, came the founding of Chicago's first literary magazine, the excellent Lakeside Monthly, over whose destinies Mr. Browne presided from 1869 until 1874, the second Chicago fire proving too great a strain on the editor's resources to survive the materialistic spirit that inevitably obsessed the stricken young municipal giant in its struggle to overcome its baptisms by fire. It is a curious circumstance that while many attempts have been made since, by others, to establish a Chicago magazine none has succeeded and certainly none has attained the high standard of excellence reached by the old Lakeside Monthly of remote memory.

It was Francis Browne who helped to imbue Chicago—and the west—with a desire for good reading and that ability to discriminate which comes only with the cultivation of the intellectuals. As one of the founders of the Chicago Literary Club he was instrumental in leading the best thought of that city into channels other than purely commercial and it is gratifying to reflect that after nearly forty years this nucleus of things literary in the bustling middle west metropolis is still in existence, a center of aesthetic thought and literary activity. Of the notable Caxton Club he was an honorary member as he was also of the famous Twilight Club of Pasadena, before which body he has at intervals appeared to rejoice its members in papers of original literary worth. Between the coast and his home city of Chicago his influence has been constantly felt and there are few budding authors of the last quarter of a century who do not owe much to his kindly criticism and timely word of encouragement.

While Mr. Browne read many manuscripts for publishers, for emolument, the labors of love that he performed for struggling writers in the years that have elapsed since he founded the Dial in 1880 are of colossal proportions. With rare conscientiousness he examined the stories and novels submitted to him and their defects, their good points and their possibilities were considered with keenly critical eye. He never

misled a writer; however painful the truth might be it was kindly but honestly projected and therein was the great value of Mr. Browne's services to the cause of literature. He discouraged banalities; he was quick to perceive talent and ever ready to foster its development. This is why we affirm that in him literature has lost one of its truest followers. A great lover of poetry he has enriched many a home by his published collections, notably in the Golden Poems by British and American Authors, The Golden Treasury of Poetry and Prose, Bugle Echoes, and the "Laurel Crowned" series of standard poetry. He not only loved poetry, but he wrote it.

We who have known and loved Francis Fisher Browne these many years will miss him in a double sense. The kindly word of encouragement to the younger worker in the literary ranks, given us in our salad days, has been supplemented by a quarter of a century of friendship. His annual visit to the coast since we parted company in Chicago twelve years ago has been one of the recurring delights of the tourist season. That he should pass away in the fair Montecito valley, to which he was first attracted twenty-five years ago, is understandable. Perhaps, with intuition of the approaching call, he desired to renew his earlier associations with that part of beautiful Southern California so dear to his heart and three weeks ago went to Santa Barbara from Pasadena for a change of surroundings. Sunday, he breathed his last within sound of those "blue seas with their silver fringe" he has sung about so gracefully in the poem inspired by his initial visit. It seems fitting that we should here reproduce, in this brief and altogether inadequate appreciation of one of whom the words of the great Shakespeare he so loved convey so exact a meaning—

The kindest man,  
The best conditioned and unwearied spirit  
In doing courtesies—

his tribute to the Santa Barbara that first gave ease to his tired brain. It softens the pangs of parting to say farewell to his noble, gentle soul in this manner:

Between the mountains and the sea,  
Walled by the rock, fringed by the foam,  
A valley stretches fair and free  
Beneath the blue of heaven's dome.

At rest in that fair valley lies  
Saint Barbara, the beauteous maid;  
Above her head the cloudless skies  
Smile down upon her charms displayed.

The sunlit mountains o'er her head  
The splendor of their purple tinge;  
While round her like a mantle spread  
The blue seas with their silver fringe.

Enfolded in that soothing calm,  
The earth seems sweet, and heaven near;  
The flowers bloom free, the air is balm,  
And summer rules the radiant year.

#### GRAPHITES

Our Country 'tis of thee, sing the children of Seattle,  
But not of bombs that burst in air or any hint of battle;  
No, no, a Peace Day festival must not be rudely marred  
By any warlike sentiments that treat of maimed and scarred.

Seattle is planning a "peace day" celebration and is embarrassed by the martial spirit of the national songs. After eliminating "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," "The Star Spangled Banner," "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" as incompatible with the spirit of the occasion, "America" is about the only patriotic hymn left. This is rough on the army and navy and how the late Julia Ward Howe would grieve over the rejection of her stirring poem.

San Bernardino's new mayor is in receipt of a beautiful rose sent by a woman voter who opposed his election. She thinks it will help to make him a better man. Over in Los Angeles a Rose is expected to arrive in the mayoralty office after June 3, also for the good of the administration.

Providing for the regulation of public utility rates by the state railroad commission strikes us as a wise measure. It removes the tendency to deal unfairly with corporations, due to local prejudice, in so many instances. Where was Senator Carr that his vote in opposition was not recorded?

It's a mean tornado that will hit a town when it's down. That's what the Nebraska twister has done to Omaha.



# Victim Plus Blackguard--What Is the Total?----By Randolph Bartlett

(FORTY-FIFTH OF A SERIES OF PAPERS ON MODERN DRAMA)

IF one man had defrauded another of a large sum of money, and the court should decide to settle the case by having the two go into partnership, nobody would regard it as justice to the man who was robbed. Let the culprit make restitution, the public would demand, and justly. But suppose the offender against the laws of property cannot make restitution? Suppose the nature of his crime makes it out of the question for him to give back that which he has stolen? What then? Certainly it would be regarded as all the more preposterous for the judge to force these two men, the robber and the robbed, into an association such as would allow the unscrupulous one still more opportunity for despoiling his victim. Yet there is an unwritten law which metes out just this kind of justice, a law regarded as almost God-given, a law most pious folk would, on the spur of the moment, swear is to be found in the decalogue, or the Sermon on the Mount, or at least in Deuteronomy—they may not be quite clear as to what part of the Bible, but they will assure you it is a law which came originally as a direct revelation from Omniscience itself. Moreover, the law has been highly regarded for centuries, and only now are its victims beginning to assert themselves and declare that they will not submit to its dictates. In "Hindle Wakes," Stanley Houghton has drawn a graphic picture of a half dozen persons trying to enforce that law and being inexpressibly surprised and shocked to find that the victim absolutely declined partnership with the despoiler.

First, forget the title of this play. "Hindle Wakes" is not a sentence but a mere nominative phrase. It does not mean that a person or community of the name of Hindle had been slumbering and ceases so to do. Hindle is the name of a town, "wakes" a colloquial term meaning one of the English bank holidays, and "Hindle Wakes" merely states the period in which the play transpires. It is as if Charles Klein had called "The Gamblers," "July 25-26," or Shaw entitled "Getting Married," "The Second Week in February." This ridiculous bit of nomenclature is the only weak thing about the play, and so long as it does not mislead the reader into losing the force of the story through watching for the awakening of Hindle, it can be readily forgiven.

Fanny Hawthorn, a weaver in the woollen mill owned by Nathaniel Jeffcote, is the principal, though not the most prominent person in the play. She has been away from home on a jaunt during the bank holiday, and the first act opens with the scene in the home of her parents as they await her return. Her father is a superior workman in the same mill as his daughter, her mother a sinister and domineering woman. Through the commonplaces of the parents' conversation it is plain there is a portentous incident approaching, although there is no hint as to its nature. They speak of trains and time-tables, of Jeffcote's wealth, of his liberality with his son regarding certain details of whose latest escapade Hawthorn appears to be familiar. Fanny returns and is quizzed as to her movements, and a clever bit of dramatic writing this is. Fanny's story hangs upon the corroborative evidence of Mary Hollins, a neighbor who accompanied her, and who, she declares, returned with her. The parents lead the girl on to her own betrayal, and especially to speak of Mary Hollins. Then old Christopher Hawthorn hurls his bolt. Mary was drowned in the wreck of an excursion boat prior to the incidents in which Fanny declared they both participated. Broken with grief Fanny becomes easy prey to the relentless prying of her mother, who discovers that her daughter has passed the holidays at a little town with Alan, the scapegoat son of the wealthy Jeffcote, their own employer. It is soon clear that Mrs. Hawthorn, finding that the seducer of her daughter is heir to the great Jeffcote fortune, discerns rifts in the gloom. "Happen she's cleverer than we think" muses the repellent dame as she hurries her husband off that same night, to break the news to old Jeffcote and present the ultimatum—matrimony or exposure.

In the next scene Jeffcote and his lovable wife are introduced. They discuss many things, but chiefly Alan, his engagement to Beatrice Farrar, his prospective partnership in his father's business. Jeffcote's showing of gruffness and a pretense of an inconsiderate attitude toward everyone, behind which lurks good humor and kindness for all, is portrayed in sharp, firm lines. Then comes Christopher Hawthorn, and the two men have a little talk on old times. They had worked together at the bench in early days. At length Christopher tells of his daughter's disgrace. Jeffcote is sympathetic. If the lad lives in Hindle he will leave no stone unturned to make him marry the girl. When he learns it is his own son he storms, curses Hawthorn for having

trapped him, but finally sends the old man away with the promise that he shall be "treated right."

Young Jeffcote arrives later in the night, intoxicated, though not hopelessly so. His father confronts him with Hawthorn's accusation and the young man admits his guilt. There is but one course to be pursued, the father declares. Alan must marry the girl. But what of Beatrice? Alan should have thought of her sooner, the father obdurately insists. His decision is final, but what it costs him, notwithstanding his callous demeanor, he shows in a passionate outburst in reply to Alan's "It doesn't hurt thee if I wed Fanny Hawthorn."

So thou thinks it easy for me to see thee wed Fanny Hawthorn? Hearken! Dost know how I began life? Dost know that I started as tender in Walmesley's shed when I were eight years of age, and that when the time comes I shall leave the biggest fortune ever made in the cotton trade in Hindle? Dost know what my thought has been when laboring these thirty years to get all that brass together? Not what pleasure I could get out of spending, but what power and influence I were piling up the while. I was bent on founding a great firm that would be famous not only all over Lancashire, but all over the world, like Horrockses or Calverts or Hornbys of Blackburn. Dost think as I weren't right glad when thou goes and gets engaged to Tim Farrar's lass? Tim Farrar as were Mayor of Hindle and got knighted when the King came to open the new Town Hall. Tim Farrar that owns Lane End Shed, next biggest place to Daisy Bank in Hindle. Why, it were the nearest wish of my heart to see thee wed Tim Farrar's lass; and, happen, to see thee running both mills afore I died. And now what falls out? Lad as I'd looked to keep on the traditions and build the business bigger still, goes and weds one of my own weavers! Dost think that's no disappointment to me? Hearken! I'd put down ten thousand quid if thou couldst honestly wed Beatrice Farrar. But thou can't honestly wed her, not if I put down a million. There's only one lass thou can honestly wed now and that's Fanny Hawthorn, and by God I'm going to see that thou dost do it!

Jeffcote has won his point, however. He has the boy's mother to consider. Mrs. Jeffcote does not agree with her husband's idea of the justice of the case, and, moreover, she is not the conventional society woman who is merely looking at the matter from the view point of mere respectability. She is a good woman, sympathetic, and kind. Yet she insists that any girl who would do the thing she has done, deliberately, is no fit wife for their son. Still Jeffcote is firm, and the mother's protest unheeded.

Next come Sir Timothy Farrar and his daughter, Alan's fiancée. Sir Timothy is a money-grabber, petty, altogether a boorish specimen of the newly rich. He does not want to see the Jeffcote fortune slip away from his family, and makes it clear that, while he cannot outwardly condone Alan's act, still he does not regard it as a reason for not accepting him as a son-in-law. Jeffcote soon brings him to time, however, by declaring that unless Alan marries Fanny, he will be disinherited. Alan now comes to the front with a flat declaration that he will marry Beatrice, if she will have him, regardless of his father.

It will be noticed that nothing has been seen of the victim herself since the first scene. The final act brings her back into the play. The Jeffcotes and Hawthorns meet in a double family conference to arrange the details of the wedding that is to be. Fanny sits silent as the affair is discussed until finally she draws attention to the fact that the important point has not been touched upon, whether or not she will accept Alan after all, and she announces that she will not. Alan, who by this time has become accustomed to the idea of marrying the girl, especially as it is the only way he can retain his inheritance, is given the task of persuading her to carry out the bargain the elders have made for her. But Fanny is wise in her own way, and she knows there can be no happiness for her in such a union. She feels herself entirely capable of supporting herself and will not allow herself to be forced upon Alan. Moreover, she declares that Alan is not the man for her. She likes him well enough in a way, just as a sort of playmate, as he liked her, and there it ends. Their parting is interesting:

FANNY. You're a man, and I was your little fancy. Well, I'm a woman, and you were my little fancy. You wouldn't prevent a woman enjoying herself as well as a man, if she takes it into her head?

ALAN. But do you mean to say that you didn't care any more for me than a fellow cares for any girl he happens to pick up?

FANNY. Yes. Are you shocked?

ALAN. It's a bit thick; it is, really!

FANNY. You're a beauty to talk!

ALAN. It sounds so jolly immoral. I never thought of a girl looking on a chap just like that!

I made sure you wanted to marry me if you got the chance.

FANNY. No fear! You're not good enough for me. The chap Fanny Hawthorn weds has got to be made of different stuff from you, my lad. My husband, if I ever have one, will be a man, not a fellow who'll throw over his girl at his father's bidding! Strikes me the sons of these rich manufacturers are all much alike. They seem a bit weak in the upper storey. It's their fathers' brass that's too much for them, happen! They don't know how to spend it properly. They're like chaps who can't carry their drink because they aren't used to it. The brass gets into their heads, like!

ALAN. Hang it, Fanny, I'm not quite a fool.

FANNY. No. You're not a fool altogether. But there's summat lacking. You're not man enough for me. You're a nice lad and I'm fond of you. But I couldn't ever marry you. We've had a right good time together, I'll never forget that. It has been a right good time, and no mistake! We've enjoyed ourselves proper! But all good times have to come to an end, and ours is over now. Come along, now, and bid me farewell.

There is nothing more to be said. If Fanny will not marry Alan, there is no means by which Jeffcote can carry out his decision, but it is the girl's mother who storms at the outcome:

MRS. HAWTHORN (in a shrill voice). Do you tell us you're throwing away a chance like this?

FANNY. You've heard.

MRS. HAWTHORN. I call it wicked, I do, indeed! I can see you are downright bad, through and through! There's one thing I tell you straight. Our house is no place for thee after this.

FANNY. You're not really angry with me because of what I've done. It's because I'm not going to have any of Mr. Jeffcote's money that you want to turn me out of the house.

MRS. HAWTHORN. It's not! It's because you choose to be a girl who's lost her reputation, instead of letting Alan make you into an honest woman.

FANNY. How can he do that?

MRS. HAWTHORN. By wedding you, of course.

FANNY. You called him a blackguard this morning.

MRS. HAWTHORN. So he is a blackguard.

FANNY. I don't see how marrying a blackguard is going to turn me into an honest woman!

MRS. HAWTHORN. If he marries you he won't be a blackguard any longer.

FANNY. Then it looks as if I'm asked to wed him to turn him into an honest man?

ALAN. It's no use bandying words about what's over and done with. I want to know what's all this talk of turning Fanny out of doors?

CHRISTOPHER. Take no heed of it! My missus don't rightly know what she's saying just now.

MRS. HAWTHORN. Don't she? You're making a big mistake if you think that. Fanny can go home and fetch her things, and after that she may pack off.

CHRISTOPHER. That she'll not!

MRS. HAWTHORN. Then I'll make it so hot for her in the house, and for thee, too, that thou'll be glad to see the back of her!

FANNY. This hasn't got anything to do with Mr. and Mrs. Jeffcote, has it? (Fanny rises).

ALAN. It's got something to do with me, though! I'm not going to see you without a home.

FANNY (smiling). It's right good of you, Alan, but I shan't starve. I'm not without a trade at my finger tips, thou knows. I'm a Lancashire lass, and so long as there's weaving sheds in Lancashire I shall earn enough brass to keep me going. I wouldn't live at home again after this, anyhow! I'm going to be on my own in future. (To Christopher) You've no call to be afraid. I'm not going to disgrace you. But so long as I've to live my own life I don't see why I shouldn't choose what it's to be.

Beatrice already had hinted that she was willing to forgive Alan, and the play ends with a prospective carrying out of the original plans of uniting the Farrar and Jeffcote fortunes.

This play in every respect is one of the most worthy of the last season's productions. Its characters are distinctive, and Fanny is a creation of keenest insight. Houghton has given to her the same viewpoint as that usually regarded as the exclusive right of the man in the case. She is particularly well equipped to deal a telling blow to that old unwritten law that the girl who is the victim of such an escapade, can regain respectability through marrying her partner in the offense against social laws, and in that way only. Fanny finds her redemption in going ahead with her own life independently of what has transpired, the same as Alan himself. There is no hint that she is in danger of becoming a "light woman," for if her character had been no deeper than that she would have seized the opportunity offered by Jeffcote. She maintains that her right to happiness was not relinquished through her aberrations, and it will be hard for the superficial moralists to answer her question, "Is the sum of victim plus blackguard, respectability?"



## FRANCE AND AMERICA IN CONTRAST

I T was with a certain feeling of regret that I boarded the good ship Olympic, after only three days in my own country, to return to this foreign shore; a certain feeling of regret alloyed with a feeling of expectation, for I could but realize that this mingling of impressions must give me a clear judgment of comparison, almost as if I had set France and America side by side. The return trip was entirely uneventful, but I cannot leave it without a word about this great steamer which, whatever may be said about the safety of it, and of that I am no judge, is certainly the most comfortable boat in a rough sea that it is possible to imagine. We could form a good opinion of that by the passing steamers, steamers of large size by the old standards, small enough, indeed, by these new ocean giants. It was amusing, and very comforting, to watch them pitching and heaving in the sea while we passed on our way quietly, conscious only of a long, steady roll.

As for the safety appliances on this ship, I have no faith in the great number of life boats. For accidents do not often happen in a perfectly smooth sea, and to launch these boats in any other would be impossible. The double skin that is being so largely advertised is certainly a precaution, but better than that is the careful captain who travels in fog with all the water-tight doors closed. There is now an escape for the crew from each compartment, and, when the doors are shut, the different sections of the crew are controlled by telephone. I was taken down and shown all of these conveniences, the wonderful engines, the dynamos, shafts, and all the other marvelous and cleverly devised mechanism that makes the boat go and automatically keeps the various chief officers, both below and on the bridge, informed of the working of every part of the ship. All of this is astonishingly complete, but it is also almost terrifyingly gigantesque, and one has the feeling that, if anything went wrong, these forces and weights would be too great for mere man to handle. A great many people seemed to me to be nervous, and openly stated that they would feel safer on a smaller boat. There was talk about the boat breaking in two because of its great length or turning over because of its great height. But other companies are building along the same lines and they must know what they are doing. Personally, I must say that, having crossed the ocean many times in all sorts of vessels, I have never felt safer, and, as for comfort, no other boat I have been in can in any way compare with the Olympic.

For the last two days we had constant rain and rather heavy weather which, however, never at any time caused the boat to roll much. The captain, with that wonderful instinct for which he is known, picked up the shore light with perfect accuracy in spite of the fact that he had to travel for two or three days on dead reckoning. We crawled slowly up to Plymouth, passing many boats, and blowing our fog horn constantly, and reached port many hours late, landing the London passengers about 2 a. m. Saturday, and arriving at Cherbourg about ten the same day. Then and there our troubles began. We were put into a lighter and taken into port, tied up alongside of the dock, but not allowed to land. Nobody seemed to know why. It was raining and rather cold, and most of us had no place to sit. It was not pleasant. Somebody said that the French people wanted passengers to patronize the French boats and made things as disagreeable as possible for travelers arriving or leaving by other liners. However that may be, it was certainly very disagreeable. We finally did get through the custom house, but for the hand baggage only, the other to be examined in Paris. Luncheon, such as it was, we managed to get on the train at 2:30. Arriving in Paris several hours behind time we were informed that we could not get the remainder of our baggage examined until after 7 o'clock. I was prepared for that and left my trunk for the next day, but, comparing that with the perfect system in New York, one is forced to come to the conclusion that we are not wanted here in France.

And yet we come, and will continue to come. For Paris is beautiful. Compared with our American cities it is paradise, paradise inhabited by,—well, not by angels! Yes, Paris is beautiful. It is a joy merely to be here, to walk along these streets, to get these distant vistas of lovely buildings, to feel the atmosphere of historic times. No wonder people come here. There are few places indeed which can compare with it, none which can surpass it in any single feature. But a visit is one thing, a continued stay here quite another. Perhaps if one were very wealthy and could live in one of the great hotels, leaving all care and worry, all contact with the native, to others, a long stay might be agreeable. But the daily rub with the hoi polloi soon destroys this pleasant aspect.

Coming here direct from practical America one cannot help wondering whether art and common sense can, or ever do, exist side by side? Is it possible to have a brain attuned to the artistic and, at

the same time, thoroughly sane? And then one naturally asks: What is "sane?" Are we Americans, who place everything on the plane of the practical, exactly sane? After all, have not some of these foreign nations, that live and enjoy life while they are living it, perhaps attained as near the ultimate truth as we have, we who think only of large successes? That is just a question, and it is not so easily answered.

Certainly, for myself, I suppose I could dream away my life very easily and very comfortably on these shores, were it not for the mightiness of the almighty dollar. Unfortunately, no born American can ever teach himself to think as does my acquaintance of whom I have already spoken in these letters, whose idea of success is to get enough saved up and invested to yield him a thousand a year so that he can sleep the remainder of his life away in his native town far down in the warm and sunny south. And I suppose most Americans feel the same way about this. We are all too prone to feel that, if we do not make money, we are failures. That is the reason so many of our composers, poets and artists live over here. They tell me that the atmosphere of America renders good work in any art impossible simply because good work in any art, including poetry, must necessarily be entirely detached from the idea of ultimate profit, and that detachment is impossible in America where everybody is talking dollars, where even the art collector will tell you what he paid for this or that work of a famous school. Artists here tell me that it is this disgusting American habit—I am using their language—which has so enormously inflated the prices paid for more or less worthless old masters, and even for our operatic stars. In other words, we are accused of appreciating a thing not for what it is worth but for what it will bring.

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Now, a visit, a short visit such as I have just made, to my dear native land, must convince anyone, even a prejudiced one like myself, who wishes to see only good—and they do say that patriotism is the last refuge of respectability—that America and Americans in general have no respect at all for art, even though they patronize the arts, especially when art comes in conflict with the practical. I heard, for instance, the New York Pennsylvania depot, the most wonderful railroad station in the world, criticised because of its impractical arrangement. "You have to walk a mile to get to the subway or the elevated! They ought to have a moving sidewalk or run a branch to the subway, or have a station at Sixth avenue! That station is too big anyhow!" etc., etc. And I am satisfied that the average American, especially the Long Island commuter, would prefer just an ordinary American box-with-holes-in-it, which exactly describes the majority of our buildings, to this magnificent pile, one of the few things to which, artistically considered, we can point with real pride.

Now all of these remarks are ventured chiefly with an idea of making quite clear the vast divergence of the American and the European idea. For the European, most certainly the Frenchman, would not in the least care whether such a station was practical or not if it only were artistically perfect. Their attempts at practicability are puerile and absurd. They aim, obviously and evidently, at times, at doing something very strictly practical, with no reference whatever to the esthetic idea, and the result is always laughable. They simply have not that sense, and they make themselves more or less ridiculous when they try to assume it or imitate it.

But which sense is the best sense? Can the two sorts of senses be had together? Is the practical and material so very much superior to the esthetic? Is it absolutely a good thing to learn not to feel, to be cold and calculating, unmoved by the greatest beauties of art and nature? That we are so unmoved is undoubtedly true. I have seen Americans, especially, I must add, American men, as unmoved before the beauty of Notre Dame or the Sacré Coeur as they would be before a plate of raw oysters or a dish of buckwheat cakes, or less so. I have watched this thing over here off and on for a great many years, and I have gradually become convinced that most of us Americans come over here to have a good time and that good time has nothing to do with art or beauty whatever.

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The interesting part about all this is that the pendulum is now swinging toward the west. History shows us that art only grows up as a consequence of riches, and it seems also to teach us that, as riches vanish with the excesses of luxury, art also dies out. And so art is dying out here in France and the whole country is beginning to awaken to the necessity of filling its pocketbook. The only objection most of these people have to that is that they have to work, and work is not popular in this country, especially in the south. The awakening is evident enough. How far it will go no one can foresee. It depends upon so many complicated and confused forces that the ultimate result cannot even be guessed at.

But it is no less interesting to note that we of

America are also awakening. We are getting rich and, with this wealth, comes the desire in some for luxuries, in others for the arts. Then the laugh, if laugh there is, will be the other way. We will gradually, in a few centuries, learn habits of ease. We will become a great artistic nation, probably, and, with it, a very impractical nation. We will spend the wealth our ancestors have amassed, we will become degenerates, and will have to talk about our reawakening, just as the French today are talking about their reawakening. This is the history of nations and always has been; but at what stage is the nation most useful and most happy? We criticise France, but with what reason? Is happiness the end and aim of life? And is the dog that lies all day on the doorstep in the sun any less happy than his master who slaves and sweats all day long to add a minim to the patrimonial pile?

After all, this comparison comes to the result that we must acknowledge that we know nothing about real values simply because we are utterly ignorant of the actual object of human life. We are mere human machines, but we know no more of our purpose than the savage knows of the purpose of the watch which he inherits from the missionary who has furnished his evening meal. We tick along until we run down just as that watch ticks along until it runs down, but for what or why is utter mystery.

And so we may fairly conclude that this country of France, where every man consistently neglects his work and his duty, may be fulfilling its ultimate object just as completely as we—to whom duty is always a first thought—are fulfilling our ultimate object. It is always well to bear in mind that our ultimate object may be, like the missionary above mentioned, to keep fat so as to furnish a succulent meal for a savage.

Paris, May 1, 1913. FRANK PATTERSON.

## RECENT SUFFRAGE PARADE IN NEW YORK

TO the people of Los Angeles county whose minds by now must be thoroughly adjusted to the idea that women should vote as a matter of course, it must seem curiously anachronistic for the women of the eastern states to be continuing the struggle to win what obviously should have been accorded to them long ago as a mere matter of decency, not to speak of expediency. Parades and mass meetings and active propaganda work are going on as merrily here as ever, and yet by no means is each new demonstration a replica of the old ones. Indeed, each recurring parade has its own character and meets with its own reception and tells a new story of progress and adjustment. The parade Saturday was as dignified and impressive as any that have preceded and was perhaps more particular. For the marcher there can never be repeated the exalted thrill that comes with her first experience of walking shoulder to shoulder with thousands of her sisters, at one with them in the demand for a recognition that will cease to place her with the criminal, with the insane or with children, and establish her as a human being with the right of a human expression of opinion with regard to those things that concern her vitally in her everyday relation to the community. And yet something may be communicated to her from watching thousands that makes her heart beat faster, her breath come quicker. Saturday it was the wonderful silence of the crowds. It was not ominous silence, breathing antagonism or hostility. It was rather a silent acceptance of a phenomenon that has gradually been making itself felt as a natural part of our civilization, the inevitable result of present-day struggle and experience.

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There was hand clasping as the heads of divisions swung into line and a few shouts of "Brava!" but even the small hoodlum kept his jeers to himself. Not three catcalls, or expressions of hoodlum wit met my ears throughout the long march from Washington Square to Carnegie Hall. But perhaps the police are to be thanked for that. The authorities felt that they could not afford a repetition of last year's ineffective policing nor the reproach of what happened at Washington, so they assigned 1200 patrolmen to the line of march, and evidently the police took the matter seriously and felt that in face of the trials and disclosures of the last year that they could not afford to let an opportunity pass for proving that they could do effective work. They were wise enough, too, never to let a situation rise that might get beyond their control. The streets were kept clear good humoredly so that there was no occasion to resort to force to get unruly crowds back to their preserves. Not a toe projected beyond the curb, and if a small boy wished to lift his voice in derision there came the instant command to "Cut it out." And one policeman was heard to tell a young rough rather seriously as if it were a matter of conviction proceeding from personal interest and not a mere matter of command from headquarters or wish to preserve the status of the department that the procession was a dignified affair worthy of his respect and beautiful



enough for him to enjoy. If he wished to enjoy it in that spirit he might remain, but if he wished to stay for any other purpose he would immediately be taken to the station house and there he would receive short shrift.

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Indeed the spectacle was beautiful. In files of eight the women swept up the avenue, passing the reviewing stand in two hours. Each division was marked by special colors. Particularly effective was the yellow of the Woman's Suffrage Party. Broad sashes passing over the right shoulder and yellow flags or plumes held high made a color note that held together the various costumes of the marchers and created the impression of uniformity that is always pleasing when numbers pass in review. A few women stood out from the crowd in strong relief. Perhaps chief among these was Mrs. Herbert Carpenter who headed the State Woman Suffrage Association. Dressed in soft white silk and carrying an American flag she swept up the avenue with the light footfall of an old-time, untrammelled Greek. The thermometer registered 87 degrees in the shade when the women began their march. It was hot enough for them to fall by the wayside, but the ambulances drawn up on the sidelines had very little work to do. In spite of flushed faces the women came in fresh at the end with undiminished numbers. One of the pleasing incidents of the day happened at the Anti-suffrage headquarters. They had taken a temporary office on the line of march and decorated the windows with sentiments to the effect that woman's place is in the home. Promptly two sandwich girls appeared marching up and down in front displaying the couplet:

What are the antis doing here?

They say that home is woman's sphere.

The antis promptly sent for a policeman, but the girls had been forehanded enough to have taken out a permit to parade and the policeman in the face of it returned whence he came, leaving the girls to their jubilant march. The antis made a mistake in taking the first floor, for the attention of the crowd was upon the marchers and their heads quite obscured the little band that stood in front waving their little pennants. The floor above which the enterprising suffragists secured was flamboyant in decoration and sentiments. Many of the signs that appeared in the parade were pithy:

"More ballots; less bullets."

"Politics Govern Even the Milk Supply."

"It Is Not 'Outside the Home,' But Inside the Baby."

"Government Is Housekeeping and Homekeeping."

"Let the People Rule; Women are People."

"Hasn't Your Wife Brains Enough to Vote?"

Leaders of the movement have been called upon to make a declaration of their attitude toward militarism in England. This Mrs. Blatch has done in an admirable letter to the New York Times. Yet in spite of this declaration the antis have rather venomously referred to the fact that the English colors were carried in the parade, interpreting a mere courtesy to mean that the women of America intend to adopt militant tactics. However, it will be time to notice that little bit of rancor when the women make their first militant attack, which from the present outlook will happen only in the imagination of the antis.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, May 12, 1913.

#### More Progress at U. S. C.

President George F. Bovard of the University of Southern California is leading his collegiate institution into a new field in deciding to undertake the publication of a regular series of university studies, consisting of scholarly productions by men of the teaching staff and qualified graduate students. It is a step in advance and will help in making U. S. C. better known in educational centers. Another result of this movement will be to place the library of the university on the exchange list of a large number of American and foreign institutions whose publications are worth while. The first number of the U. S. C. studies will be the outline of a year's course in social science in book form, prepared by Prof. Emory S. Bogardus, Ph. D., of the sociology department. It is entitled "An Introduction to the Study of the Social Sciences" and is intended for advanced high school work and to meet the need now felt in normal schools, as well as for the use of freshmen and sophomores in colleges. At present, it seems there is no uniform course of study which introduces the student to the various branches of social science. The course as outlined by Dr. Bogardus is calculated to arouse the student's interest in economics, government, sociology and related sciences. As the outgrowth of actual class room experience it presents a unified view of what may be done for human welfare. It may be said that its main purpose is to whet the student's appetite for further information along economic, political and social lines.

## By the Way



#### Once Famous Arizonan's Lonely End

Poor Governor Gosper! His death at the county hospital Wednesday, following three days' illness, was a shock to his old friends, notably Charles Sumner Young and Horace Sheets, both of whom happened to be out of town when their old comrade was taken sick. Thirty years ago when he was secretary of the territory of Arizona and acting governor, Gosper was in comfortable circumstances, owner of a big stock ranch, a leading politician, a capital stump speaker and one of the most popular men in the territory. He had a cork leg, a relic of his war experiences. Gosper was intensely interested in his stock ranch and at branding time always rode over to see the iron operated on the calves. Incidentally, he would mingle with the cowboys and on these occasions he was warned to look out for the cows whose tempers were excited by the bellowing of their young. As Gosper's game leg forbade rapid movement he had several narrow escapes from angry mother cows. One time he was fairly caught. An exasperated animal singled him out in the corral and although he stumped for the fence at an astonishingly lively gait the maddened cow bent her head and hooking him fairly in the leg lifted him squarely over the fence. As he picked himself up Gosper exclaimed, "Well, by thunder, I've been in many a tight place, but that was the tickleliest." Then he brushed the dust off his clothes and made for his horse. He was unhurt. The cow had prodded his cork leg.

#### Author's Predilection For Percherons

I rode out to Meloland last Sunday to call on Harold Bell Wright, whose "Winning of Barbara Worth" and other preceding novels have amassed for the desert author a handsome fortune. His income last year from his books, I am credibly informed, was \$50,000. He has a beautiful home in the Imperial Valley, with the makings of attractive grounds, his artistic taste, together with that of his hospitable wife, evidenced in the landscape outlines that promise rich results in another year or two. Mr. Wright has developed a fancy for French Percheron draft horses and his stables are models in comfortable equipment. His experiments in fruit raising have been crowned with success and his flowers are the envy of the Valley. For a summer home he has invested at Del Mar where Henry Keller's genius has gathered so many professional and literary workers in a happy colony. The Wrights, however, will not have their new beach home completed in time for this season. Curious, this taste for horseflesh in writers. The late Homer Davenport yearned for Arabian stock and young Mr. Tully's bent is in a similar direction. Harold Wright is more practical. Percherons are his fancy. One of these days the Imperial Valley will have cause to be grateful for his hobby.

#### Judge McKinley's Stamina Wins

I am glad to be able to record the fact that the beloved president of the Sunset Club, Judge, J. W. McKinley, is recovering rapidly from the attack of congestion of the brain which came upon him suddenly at Santa Barbara last Sunday. The associates of the veteran attorney declare that he is a victim of his own tremendous capacity for work, and that by doing twice as much as any one person should do, even when working under high pressure, he brought on his stroke. His recuperative reserve force was sufficient to carry him past the crisis, however, and he is daily improving. It is generally believed that a long rest will be the remedy which the doctors will finally prescribe when their other palliatives have done the preliminary work of bringing back the judge to his normal robust condition.

#### Former Social Pet To Marry

Los Angeles society is interested in the London wedding to take place June 1 when Miss Frances von Bergen Scoville, of Seneca, Kansas, becomes the bride of Walter de Mumm, of the noted wine house. Miss Scoville herself was a familiar figure here for eight consecutive seasons until about six years ago, her winter residence being the Hotel Green, Pasadena. She and her sister Josephine were both great beauties, and their engagement books were full to

overflowing. Miss Josephine married L. S. Treadwell, and still makes her home more or less in Los Angeles, although she and her husband travel extensively, and their address is as likely to be London, England, as Los Angeles. Of late years Miss Frances has developed a fancy for European resorts in preference to the Pacific coast, and so had been almost forgotten until the announcement of her engagement. I believe these Scovilles are not related to Benjamin Scoville of San Rafael Heights.

#### Waiting on the Tariff

Joseph F. Sartori, president of the Security Savings and Trust Bank, is back from attending the session of the executive council of the American Bankers' Association at Briar Cliff-on-the-Hudson just in time to meet with the state bankers at San Diego this week. He notes a general pause in financial and industrial circles in the east pending the settlement of the tariff problem by congress.

#### Press Clubs of Yesteryear

Los Angeles, it is announced, is to have a Press Club again. Here's wishing it success. I wonder if the organizers have conferred with any of the officers of the last organization of this sort. They might get a few valuable pointers as to the circumstances of the "rise and fall" by consulting Randolph Bartlett, who was its secretary, or J. Sidle Lawrence, Wilbur Hall, Clarence Snively or Thomas Fenton Knight, who were directors or otherwise active in the affairs of the institution. Much that they will be told by these members of the fraternity will be sad, much humorous, but all will be interesting. The last president, Frank T. Searight, died a few months ago, but all the other officers are to be found in Los Angeles or its vicinity. I understand the cause of the club's demise was malnutrition, i. e., nonpayment of dues on the part of members. Then there was an almost immediate successor, a press club promoted by a stranger in the city who conceived the brilliant scheme of persuading one hundred business men to purchase associate memberships at \$100 each, and let newspaper men enjoy the privileges of the quarters thus sumptuously provided, at a nominal figure. Although he did not have the backing of one known newspaper man, he succeeded in obtaining money from several wealthy citizens, among them Col. William Garland and W. G. Kerckhoff. As soon as Garland learned the nature of the fraud, he brought suit for the return of the money. He did not succeed, but the consequent exposure gave the promoter his quietus, and he hied himself north to Seattle, I believe, where he tried a similar dodge, but the publicity I had given him spoiled his game.

#### Desert Thirsts That Failed

Allusion to high finance reminds me of one desperate expedient attempted by the Press Club, which was housed in the frame dwelling opposite the police station on First street, just as it began to appear that unless funds were speedily forthcoming there would be a hurry call for the undertaker. It was the time of the Nevada gold boom, and of a convention of mining men in Los Angeles. It was decided that they were fair game, and a plan was devised for their "entertainment" at the club, the joker in the affair being that the buffet was to be specially stocked with champagne, and the gold magnates were to be lured into purchasing extensively, with much profit accruing to the club thereby. Quantities of eatables were placed invitingly about the rooms—salty, oh so salty—to whet the edge of those desert thirsts. The guests came, they ate the luncheon—O, monjee, how they ate—about \$7.96 worth of it—but that was as far as they would go. They were shown about the premises, and suggestively long halts were made in the buffet, but still no "loosening." I believe they were even voted honorary members in a body, in order that they might not be deterred by the fact that no non-member may spend money in a club. Finally, Dr. Houghton, then a member of the city council, being in on the plot, tried the plan known as "priming the pump." He bought a quart of Clicquot, and distributed it among as many of the guests as he decently could, but still there was no response. Glasses emptied, the Nevadans, their clothes fairly bulging with money, became bored, and there was a spontaneous exit. Following their departure a bottle of the wine was abstracted, and the next day when the secretary cast up the balance sheet he sorrowfully found that the entertainment of Nevada's magnates had cost about \$8.75 of the club's slender and dwindling funds.

#### Those Were Strenuous Times

Many more stories could be told by the members of that club; of the "cleaning out" of the boys by "Marse" Henry Watterson and still later the occasion of the visit of William Jennings Bryan, who was to talk to the newspaper men after a banquet at the old Levy cafe, the pleasure of which was marred by the arrival of a high city official who had dined too well, and declared in a loud voice that his umbrella



had been stolen by a newspaper man. The official was summarily ejected and a letter sent to him the next day by the officers of the club fairly burned the mails. Then, too, there were more joyous events, for while the club lasted its habitués, though not numerous, were energetic. There are many morals to be derived from its history by the new organizations, of which doubtless full advantage will be taken.

#### Tabooed By the Times

General Otis' prejudice against employees' organizations of any and all sorts was evidenced this week when immediately after notices had been published in the daily papers telling of the organization of a new Los Angeles Press Club, placards were posted in the Times editorial rooms announcing that while no definite statement would be made as to what would happen if a reporter or editor became a member, it was, in general, against the policy of the Times whose staff was desired so far as possible to keep out of such entangling alliances. This is the invariable attitude the Times has maintained toward a press club in Los Angeles and is a handicap that has been difficult to overcome. The general seems to place a press club in the same category as a labor union for press feeders. This time, however, the club seems to have been organized on a sounder basis than heretofore, and it looks as if it might stick. R. T. Van Ettische, day city editor of the Examiner, is to be president and Henry James who writes the "In Jest and Earnest" column on the editorial page of the Tribune, is vice-president. Harry Strachan, one of the veteran reporters of Los Angeles, now writing feature stories of the street for the Express, is secretary and treasurer. When the club is fully organized it will start with a charter membership of at least one hundred active newspaper men. The aim is to include a number of well known citizens of Los Angeles at one time newspaper men and who still find interest in the doings of the craft.

#### Memorial Home Holds Reception

More than one thousand guests were entertained Tuesday of this week at the public reception given at the beautiful new Mary Andrews Clark memorial home on Loma Drive at which four sisters of the donor, Senator William A. Clark, and Mrs. Willits J. Hole, president of the Y. W. C. A., assisted as hostesses. It was the first of two afternoon and evening receptions arranged so that the public can view the attractive building which affords the comforts of home to more than two hundred girls and women who are earning their own living. The entire interior from roof garden to the laundry, gymnasium and bowling alley in the basement was open to inspection. In the evening the young women acted as hostesses and the Y. W. C. A. orchestra gave a popular program. The occasion was a beautiful tribute to the memory of Senator Clark's mother.

#### Believes in Pay for Convicts

Sheriff "Billy" Hammel struck a sympathetic note when he voiced the sentiment in addressing fifty-four county jail prisoners at the entrance of Topanga Canyon that the system which forces convicts to work on the roads without pay is bad. He stated that if he had his way convicts would be fairly paid and expressed the hope that before long the laws would be changed. The row of tents where the prisoners are kept while working there is christened "Enforced Recreation Camp," and no one is allowed to allude to it as a convict settlement.

#### All the Way From Norway

Sunsetter Hans Jevne this week has been playing host to Governor Gram and wife of the state of Hamar in Norway of which Mr. Jevne is a native. Governor Gram is internationally a celebrated figure, having acted as Norwegian ambassador to Paris and Berlin. He is also an authority on international law and war. The governor cannot say too much in praise of Southern California, according to Mr. Jevne.

#### Charms of Old Books

One of my good doctor friends, who is devoted to old books and good literature, writes: "The other evening we were dipping into an old book entitled 'Wine and Walnuts; or After-Dinner Chit-Chat,' by Ephraim Hardcastle, Citizen and Dry-Salter; published in London in 1823, and read: 'Two old cronies, whose combined ages amounted to 171 years, were sitting together talking of the past, and one of them said, "Do you remember when we used to have a hit at backgammon, turn and turn about, with Old Doyley in the Strand?" Then, in a foot note, it is explained that Mr. Doyley was a very respectable warehouseman, whose family of the same name had lived in the great old house next to Hodsoll the banker's, from the time of Queen Anne. This house, built by Inigo Jones, which makes a prominent feature in the old engraved views of the Strand, having a covered up and down entrance that projected to the carriage

way, was pulled down about 1782. On the site of which was erected the house now occupied in the same business. The dessert napkins, termed doyleys, are so called having originated with this ancient firm.

"Then they go on in their chat and one of them says: 'I am thinking who were of the party that assembled at Doyley's when we went over to Old Somerset House gardens to hear the great bell of St. Paul's toll, the night of the funeral of George the Second.'

"Doyley, it appears, was a topping trader of the old school, and much regarded by the wits of his day; he was a man of no little humor, too. His house was always open to Garrick and his friends, when a public sight was to be seen; and then his attentions were so marked, and his tables so liberally furnished with refreshments that he was constantly adding some newcomer to his acquaintance. The old draper deported himself with suitable consequence at the neighborly meetings at the Turk's Head, opposite, when he used to say, 'Sir, my friend Mr. Davy Garrick told me this in confidence;' and 'Mr. Lawrence Sterne said that, in my company at the old house there,' inclining his head with a sudden and significant twitch and pointing with his gold-headed cane over his shoulder at the same time toward his own home."

Adds the doctor, "The book is full of interesting reminiscences. One of the great friends of the two old cronies was William Hogarth, the celebrated artist, who died in 1764."

#### Noble Game of "Parasso"

I have long promised Phil Kitchin that I would print the rules of parasso, that fascinating game of cards which John Gaffey brought from Mexico years ago. It has many devotees at the club, common consent awarding to Baron Steckel the laurels for skillful playing. Two, three or four persons may play the game and in my humble opinion auction bridge or any other form of bridge does not compare with it for undeviating interest. Parasso literally means "thump" or "pound," I believe, and is demonstrated by the "place" cards. Thus, an ace played with no other card on the table counts one; any deuce similarly played scores two and the three or four-spot gives respective credits to the players when so "placed." A "ronda" is a pair and the highest held takes the score. For a ronda of kings four is credited, three for queens, two for jacks, one for any ronda below the lowest court card. To "parasso" a card or match it in consecutive play scores as a "ronda," but a contra, i. e., triple play, gives three points for the common cards, six for jacks, nine for queens and twelve for kings. A santa benita or fourth consecutive pairing of any card counts game for the last player if two or three are playing and twenty points if four are contesting. At each deal, which rotates, there is what is known as a "tendida" for the dealer, whose privilege it is to throw four cards from the pack face up on the table, matching any of the unplayed cards lying thereon. "Place" cards count as noted. The four cards may be shifted to count. Thus if the first two are three, four, and the second two, two, one, they may be transferred so as to give one, two, three, four in place or ten points. Then if they pair or "triple" cards on the table the count is as if "contra" had been played. If four match then the score is as indicated. Of course, the aim is to get as many court cards and four-spots as possible in the "tendido." The game is 61 points and it ends the moment that number is acquired. Gurney Newlin, Senator Bulla, Phil Forve, Frank Burnett, Corney Pendleton, Commissioner Hubbard, George Mackay, Alex Mackeigan, John Lashbrook, Dr. Frank Cook, Willard Butler, "Dick" Dickinson, Will Mines, Dan McFarland, Dr. John Ferbert, Will Merwin, and Henry Keller are among those addicted to this pleasant and innocuous game, not forgetting Louis Vetter who recently won the leather medal from George Mackay for scoring only three points when his opponent finished the game. This record of three was George's previous low mark and he willingly passed the booby prize along. I believe Phil Kitchin has introduced the game into his home. It is a jolly family sport, keeping every player keenly alert, while the jockeying for "place" cards is a fine art. But the great feat is to remember the cards played and in this George Steckel excels.

#### Stanford Talent at Settlement Fete

That May fete and carnival in behalf of the Brownson House Settlement at the Workman home, Boyle Heights next Saturday afternoon and evening, May 24, will take on a Stanford atmosphere. Miss Gertrude Workman, who is perhaps best known for her amateur dramatic talent, has been passing the week at Palo Alto, attending commencement exercises of the Cardinal institution. There in addition to enlisting the services of several well known Stanford folk, among them two or three or her sorority sisters in Delta Gamma, she has been gathering ideas from the annual students' carnival held at graduation up and down fraternity and sorority rows.

Among the Palo Altans who are to participate in the local carnival are Jack Beaman, Marguerite Wilson who was prominent in dramatics there, Maude Howell, also a student thespian, now teaching in Manual Arts High School, and others.

#### WHIMSIES AND WITTICISMS

By Nomad

To the Editor: I have a complaint to register. You are entirely too prim. Of course I believe in preserving a degree of decency. But there is such a thing as sacrificing literary values—not to mention wit—to a morbid sense of propriety. Last week I sent you a limerick. You rejected it. It may have been slightly risqué, but what of that? I requested you to eliminate anything you might consider objectionable. As the result of your blue pencil my limerick read as follows:

"There ..... girl .....  
Who met .....  
She .....  
He ..... jail"

I do not wish to complain, but I really think you almost obscured my meaning. Cannot this be arranged?

#### Cry of the Suffragette

We will not be placid and flabby,  
We are tired of the role of the tabby.  
We'll disturb all your peace,  
And bite your police,  
And blow up your boasted old abbey.

This blowing-up game isn't new;  
For ages we've used it on you  
In seclusion at home;  
But the moment has come  
When our blasting in public we'll do.

I wish to offer a criticism;  
If you call my stuff a witticism,  
Though we're friends down to date,  
I here freely state  
You and I will soon have a spliticism.

I do not mind calling it "whimsy"  
For it's certainly fragile and flimsy.  
One word, sure, would do,  
If you still require two,  
Just call it a "Jamsy" or "Jimsy."

#### Sub Rosa

By a Plain Citizen.  
With virtue our town overflows,  
In piety daily it grows.  
We are righteous and tame,  
But it's known, just the same,  
Vice flourishes—under the rose.

#### By a "Long-Hair"

If HE is elected, Lord knows,  
We might as well turn up our toes.  
He will nothing forbid,  
"Off, off with the lid!"  
Vice flourishes—under the rose.

#### By Me.

You surely are not one of those  
Who assume a Pharisee's pose;  
You're a jolly good fellow,  
For you we will bellow,  
And vote for you, too, blushing Rose.

Bill Bryan had better take note,  
Before he tackles J. Choate.  
To get gay Bill essayed,  
And finally played  
In his usual role of goat.

Now, Mr. Ambassador Chinda  
To his shoulder has certainly pinned a  
Big chip, and has got  
So ragingly hot  
That Bryan is scorched to a cinda.

#### Song Popular in Los Angeles

Air: "The Girl I Left Behind Me."  
At the final tap of the engine bell  
The evening train was leaving.  
On the very tail-end of that train I fell  
With heart and bosom heaving.  
If a longer stay in town I'd made  
In jail they'd have confined me,  
For a foolish little escapade  
With a girl I left behind me.

I find it best to dwell elsewhere  
And lead the life of a rover.  
I cannot breathe this city's air  
Till its pious spell is over.  
She was forty-eight, if a day, I ween,  
When her thrilling charm entwined me.  
And now she swears she was just sixteen—  
That girl I left behind me.

I'd rather face an arctic gale,  
Or a tropic sea in fury,  
Than to stay and face that cat's blackmail—  
Or stand before a jury.  
I'd rather fly to a distant land  
Where Burns' men cannot find me,  
Than to see appear on the witness stand  
The girl I left behind me.



# Music

By W. Francis Gates

It was a sight for the gods—and R. E. Johnson—perhaps the gods saw it, but R. E. didn't, being somewhat peeved. One hundred and fifty members of the Gamut Club and a dozen guests moving their chairs away from the dining tables of the club and circling about the piano in the center of the floor, and in the cleared space the ponderous Ysaye swaying himself in the outflow of his emotional playing, and swaying the most sympathetic audience he has faced in America.

It was this way: After Ysaye's great concert of Tuesday night, Manager Johnson had planned to take his star to San Diego at 5 p. m., Wednesday. Then Mr. Ysaye was asked about coming to the Gamut Club to dine that evening, but Mr. Ysaye had heard nothing of the invitation—it had been side-tracked by Mr. Johnson. Then it was that Mr. Ysaye decided to manage himself a bit. Yes, he would be at the Gamut Club that night and it didn't take long for "the man with the pull," L. E. Behymer, to arrange a special car on a later train for the party.

So Ysaye was at the Gamut dinner—Mr. Johnson was not. With the artist was his son and his pianist, Mr. Decreus and several Los Angeles friends. Though the great violinist shows about as much expression in his face during a recital as the late Sitting Bull, after he sat down to the Gamut table he warmed to the occasion, made a speech of good length in a composite of French and English, and then sent to his hotel for his violin and music for his accompanist, and gave his enraptured auditors the whole of the St. Saens third concerto.

It need not be said that the Gamut welcome, generally sufficiently enthusiastic, was just then made more emphatic and in the midst of waving handkerchiefs and napkins the three French artists were made members of the club. The remarks of the two Ysayes—and the son is as verbally fluent as the father—and Decreus were translated by the official interpreter, J. P. Dupuy. President Blanchard was happy in his introduction and brought out Miss Nast of Denver and Mrs. Stein of Seattle, violinist and vocalist, both of whom entertained the club—and it took nerve for a young woman to fiddle before Ysaye, but his applause said it was well done.

One of the evening papers said recently that Henry Ohlmeyer's band would give four concerts last Wednesday evening. This is going at as lively a pace as the politician who speaks at a number of places the same night. But there is a suggestion in it for the concert manager: instead of one recital where the audience pays, say \$2.00 for a seat, why not have various sections of the recital given in various portions of the city, say four, at fifty cents a seat? More people could afford it and the musical education thus distributed would reach a much wider public. Announce: Mr. Ysaye will play a half hour at each of the following places: University at 7 p. m., Auditorium at 8:15, Boyle Heights at 9, and East Los Angeles at 9:45. But as the latter section might want to retire to its couch at 9, the Auditorium section could be put last. No charge for the suggestion.

Last Thursday night, Archibald Sessions gave his last organ recital for the season at Christ Church. The program included a number of the best among

popular organ selections, two movements from a Widor organ symphony, Mendelssohn's sixth organ sonata, the perennial "Meditation" from "Thais," Guilmant's "Funeral March and Song of the Seraphs," and variations on a Scotch air, by Dudley Buck. Mrs. Bertha Vaughn sang "With Verdure Clad," from Haydn's oratorio "The Creation," and appeared with the choir of Christ Church in Gounod's cantata, "Gallia," and the chorus also sang the same composer's "Ave Verum." A large audience heard this recital as Mr. Sessions' concerts are quite popular with the attendants of Christ Church and their friends.

Lillian Smith will give a piano program at Blanchard Hall the evening of Friday, May 23. This is her first recital since returning from Vienna where she studied with Leschetitzky for a time.

Ysaye drew a large audience at his second recital at the Auditorium Saturday afternoon. His program was a great one and he lengthened it by two final encore numbers of no small proportions. Evidently, he does not believe in adding something trivial as an encore number to a serious composition. At this time his son appeared with him in the Bach concerto for two violins.

Manager Behymer did well to cancel the date for Julia Culp. Singers of exclusively German programs have a hard time of it in Los Angeles and a recital by a singer new to this country—no matter what the reputation may be in France—means a certain loss for the manager. Wait until she has the reputation her of a Schumann—Heink, then it will be a safer gamble.

July 5, the united German singing societies of the Pacific coast will meet at the Auditorium and give a combined program as well as singing in competition. There probably will be three hundred in the chorus and the lusty old German choruses will be given with true German swing.

Manager Behymer has an innovation for next season in the shape of a course of recitals by great artists, all given in the afternoon. This will be popular with the portion of feminine element which does not have the courage to venture out alone at night, or when "hubby" absolutely draws the line of sitting two hours listening to one person play or sing. Behymer's Philharmonic course of concerts are particularly strong for next season. The first includes Farrar, Schumann-Heink, Griswold, Paderewski, Kreisler, Gerardy. The second has Aida, Culp, Hoffman, McCormick, Elman, Melba, Kubelik. The matinee series will include Schuman-Heink, McCormick, Flonzaly, Parlow, Culp and Hoffman.

In a recent issue of the Sacramento Bee, announcement was made of the concerts of Ysaye in that city, May 18 and 19, closing with the statement that "a large ballet appears with Ysaye." No wonder the Los Angeles "Bee" is doing missionary work in that burg. But it is rather hard on a manager to have to keep a ballet in store for appearance with every artist that goes to Sacramento.

The centennial of Wagner's birth occurs May 22. So the concert given in his honor last Sunday night by the

Fidelia Mannerchor came quite near the date. The program was composed largely of Wagner numbers, directed by Siegfried Hagen. One of the selections for male chorus was Wagner's "Hymn to Art," a number rarely heard.

Andreas Dipple has resigned his position as director of the Chicago Opera Company. In San Francisco there are rumors afloat that he is being approached to take charge of the larger musical interests in that city. If he is secured there, it will mean much for the musical progress of that city. San Francisco has the liberal millionaires to raise a large guarantee which could put Dipple at the head of her opera and symphony concerts. Here in Los Angeles our orchestras are languishing for lack of guarantees and attendance. There is a good deal of talk about choosing a director, but the first thing is a guarantee. There are plenty of directors to be had, from \$2,000 to \$8,000 a year,—good men, too; but until a guarantee fund of about \$10,000 a year for two or three years is secured there is no use in talking directors. But while we are about it, why not raise \$25,000 a year and get Dipple.

Another good program is to the credit of the People's orchestra, played last Sunday. The best work of the orchestra was in the Wagner selection and the "Irish Rhapsody" by Victor Herbert, recently played by the Symphony Orchestra—a rattling good thing for such a concert as this. Lillian Smith was heard in a Weber piano concerto, which she played with accuracy and clarity of touch, followed by a Chopin number; by this appearance Miss Smith takes her place among the leading younger local pianists. Mrs. Dorn sang an aria from the "Elijah" and the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria." As her style is lyric rather than dramatic, the latter suited her best. Her work shows the experienced singer. Tomorrow's program offers a strong bill; only two more concerts will be given this season, closing Sunday week with a Wagner program by orchestra and chorus.

## Notes From Bookland

The discourse of H. G. Wells upon "The Discovery of the Future," once delivered at the Royal Institution, has been printed in a convenient and attractive book by B. W. Huebsch. It is in this discourse that one of Wells' finest passages appears. It is at the conclusion: "All the world is heavy with the promise of greater things, and a day will come, one day in the unending succession of days, when beings, beings who are now latent in our thoughts and hidden in our loins, shall stand upon this earth as one stands upon a footstool, and shall laugh and reach out their hands amid the stars."

T. Everett Harre, author of "The Eternal Maiden," returned to New York recently from an extended trip abroad. When in England Mr. Harre passed several months at Cloughton, Yorkshire, which overlooks Swinburne's favorite stretch of the North Sea. Possibly because of his French extraction, France appeals more to Mr. Harre than any other country. Two French newspapers have asked for the serial rights of "The Eternal Maiden." Mr. Harre plans to take an apartment in Paris in the late spring.

Elinor Glyn's new novel, "Guinevere's Lover," published by D. Appleton & Co. last week, is described as a "book which any library may safely place upon its shelves." It is pointed out that since Mrs. Glyn "ceased writing erotic tales and turned to old-fashioned romance" her audience has steadily grown.

Three American novels, "The Quarry," by John A. Moroso, a police story; "Joyful Heatherby," by Payne Erskine, a country girl and city artist romance, and "All the World to Nothing," a New York novel by Wyndham Martyn, will be published shortly by Sampson, Low, Marston & Co., the London publishers.

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U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.  
March 22, 1913.

Not coal lands 015988  
NOTICE is hereby given that Grace N. Fremlin, whose post-office address is Cornell, California, did, on the 13th day of July, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 015988, to purchase the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$ , Section 9, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$60.00 and the land \$40.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of her application and sworn statement on the 3rd day of June, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

## NOTICE OF SELECTION

07704 Not coal lands  
Under Sections 2275 and 2276, U. S. Revised Statutes, as Amended By Congress, February 28, 1891.  
United States Land Office at Los Angeles, State of California.

To whom it may concern:  
Notice is hereby given that the State of California has filed in this office its School Indemnity Land Selection, No. 8040, Serial No. 07704, applying to select as indemnity the following described tracts of land, to wit: Lot 3, Sec. 19, Tp. 1 S., R. 17 W., S. B. Meridian.

A copy of said list by descriptive subdivisions has been conspicuously posted in this office for the inspection of persons interested and the public generally.

During the five weeks' period of publication of this notice, or any time thereafter, and before final approval and certification, this office will receive protests or contests as to any of the tracts applied for, and transmit the same to the General Land Office.

Dated, Los Angeles, California, April 28, 1913.

FRANK BUREN, Register.  
O. R. W. ROBINSON, Receiver.

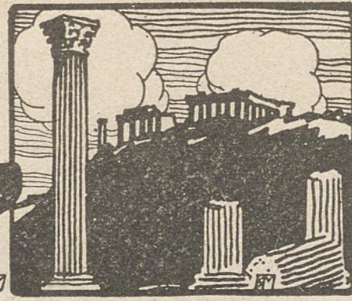
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# Art



By Everett C. Maxwell

This week Joseph Greenbaum has been holding an informal exhibition of his late work in portraiture and landscape compositions at his Blanchard Hall studio. Two new portrait studies and a half-dozen out-of-door canvases were shown, each of which was of merit and showed a marked improvement over the artist's previous efforts in paint. The portrait of Mrs. Morris Albee is the piece de resistance of the collection and is by all odds the most telling likeness that Greenbaum has painted since his coming to Los Angeles. This canvas was the center of admiration at an informal musical and tea which was given at the artist's studio Wednesday afternoon, and which

must struggle to success is a long one and a hard one. From the beginning of time the most interesting study of mankind has been man, hence we expect the portrait artist to have more to say and a larger vocabulary with which to express himself than is required of the worker who is concerning himself with landscape renderings.

In a recent article that appeared in a well known magazine, concerning the painting of portraits I made the following general observations: "Emerson refused to separate man from nature and it seems to me that he also refused to separate man and nature from God. If Emerson was even just a little bit right, art has a heavy burden to bear. What is art? Art is a medium between nature and man. The artist

may be his station in life or the excellence of his talent. The work must be alive with silent animation and halt both friend and enemy," declares a clever art writer in discussing the work of a well known portrait painter. At the same time the canvas must carry a message of beauty and perfection to the art lover who does not know the model and who, perhaps, has never seen him. A portrait that does not fulfill these requirements is not a portrait.

To me the chief charm about this new portrait of Mrs. Albee lies beyond the technicalities of paint and speaks of an almost forbidden realm to which we refer in our ignorance as "the soul." Perhaps it is the soul, whatever that is, and perhaps it is just the real Mrs. Albee as she is and not as she thinks she is or as her friends think her to be. "We cannot see ourselves; another sees us best," sings Browning, and if the portrait painter is unable to see us aright, then is his art vain and his life work a barren waste.

Joseph Greenbaum has become locally famous for his portraits of lovely women. In his sojourn in Los Angeles he has painted more than a score of our foremost society leaders. In almost all of these striking canvases the artist has seen fit to suggest an arrangement. This should not be regarded as a criticism, for the reason that these arrangements possess a point of contrast or intimate relation to the pose and are not merely picturesque accessories dragged in by the heels to make a lovely spot of color or to add an air of luxury or super-refinement to the picture. If Greenbaum chose to paint Mrs. Hancock Banning leaning over a Juliet balcony with a romantic garden background, it was because the fair sitter suggested the picture. Many of the Greenbaum portraits assume the old-masters' viewpoint of looking at the model. Garden backgrounds, with winding paths, white arbors and statues often are introduced to bring out a subtle characteristic of the figure which is hidden from the eye of the layman. Marble benches and great picture hats often are disposed of in a manner at once acute and skillful yet adding balance and accent to the composition that could be obtained in no other way.

If, at times, Greenbaum's canvases convey a strong suggestion of the dead masters of portrait art, he interprets in a manner at once fresh and wholly American. The portrait of Mrs. Albee is distinctive of Greenbaum's style of handling a feminine type. It is painted in a color scheme of blues, greens, and purples. The oval of the face is relieved and at the same time accented by a great drooping hat of black. The figure is posed, seated, against a background of trees that suggests a lovely tapestry. Seen almost in profile, the face is full of life-like animation. The arm and hand, which are seen, are strongly modeled and painted in a fine manner. The flesh tints are excellent and the quality of the shadows is very fine. The textures throughout are sufficiently detailed yet not cleverly enough to carry them beyond the point of good painting. No part of the picture detracts from the perfect beauty of the whole and the work is one of distinction and elegance and unquestionably one of Greenbaum's best renderings.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.  
04095 Not coal lands  
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.  
April 12, 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that Ray Horton, of Calabasas, Cal., who, on January 14, 1908, made Homestead Entry No. 11564, Serial No. 04095, for NE $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$ , Section 24, Township 1 N., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 26th day of May, 1913, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Jackson Tweedy, Alonzo Morrison, Reuben Holman, George W. Morrison, all of Calabasas, Cal.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.

March 25, 1913.

Not coal lands 016608

NOTICE is hereby given that Edward A. Campbell, whose post-office address is 520 S. Flower St., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 15th day of October, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 016608, to purchase the NW $\frac{1}{4}$  NE $\frac{1}{4}$ , E $\frac{1}{2}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$ , NE $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$ , Section 23, Township 1 South, Range 19 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$230.00 and the land \$170.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 6th day of June, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.



PORTRAIT OF MRS. MORRIS ALBEE, BY JOSEPH GREENBAUM

was largely attended by local society folk.

Mr. Greenbaum first introduced himself to Los Angeles as a painter of portraits and although he has devoted much of his time to the study of landscape, I feel that it is in the field of portraiture that his art finds its best and highest appreciation. From first to last I may say that Greenbaum is essentially a figure painter, and while he paints a strong characterization of his men models he undoubtedly is more successful as a painter of fair women. Trained in the best schools of Munich and Paris, Greenbaum seldom fails to render a speaking likeness of his sitter. He draws well and as a general rule models with ease and efficiency. The road up which the portrait painter

is merely the translator. Let us consider the portrait painter in this light. He sees his sitter in form and mass, in color and texture. Well and good. If the artist be academically trained he can render in paint these equations. Is that all that is necessary? Far from it. He must see beyond the outward mask of natural being into the heart and soul of the subject and paint not only a likeness but a character and a personality."

One may stop here and feel reasonably sure that none will require further depths, but what of human psychology? Can the figure painter neglect this all important attribute? Not so. "In portrait, what is required is a presentiment of the man, of that entity unlike any other, that stamps the nature and aspirations of the individual whatever



# Social & Personal

One of the most charming members of the younger set joined the growing list of "engaged girls" this week, when at a beautifully appointed tea, Miss Kathleen Spring's engagement was announced to Mr. Theodore Cadwalader. The handsome Spring home in Beverly Hills was thrown open to about a hundred guests Thursday afternoon for the tea, which was presided over by Miss Spring and her sister, Mrs. Lawrence Field Kelsey. The rooms were fragrant with roses, the drawing room and halls being decked with Cecil Brunners and Maman Cochet's, while the fireplaces were banked with feathery greenery studded with sweet peas. The dining room was glowing with American Beauty roses, and the table was lighted with silver candelabra with rose-shades. The ices were served in little baskets tied with pink ribbons and on the handles perched white doves holding in their beaks the interesting announcement. Assisting the young hostesses were Mrs. Amasa Spring, their mother, Mrs. George Cadwalader, Mrs. Stanley Visel and Mrs. Silsby Spalding. Miss Spring has always been one of the most popular girls of the younger set, her beauty and charm having endeared her to her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Spring are preparing for a trip to New York, and Miss Spring will visit her sister in her parents' absence. The wedding will probably take place in the autumn.

Mrs. Wilbur Dudley Campbell of South Alvarado street presided at a reception and tea Wednesday afternoon, honoring her future daughter-in-law, Miss Marian Beveridge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philo J. Beveridge of Hollywood, whose marriage to Mr. Wilbur Watkins Campbell will take place June 18. Roses and ferns, with white syringa blossoms formed fragrant decorations for the reception rooms, and in the dining room where tea was served, the table was decked with scarlet roses. About three hundred guests responded to the invitations. Assisting Mrs. Campbell were Mrs. Philo J. Beveridge, Mrs. W. C. Allen, Mrs. Charles H. Bareford, Mrs. Edward C. Dieter, Mrs. Edward C. Magauran, Mrs. B. F. Church, Mrs. Lewis Clark Carlisle, Mrs. Grover Garland, Mrs. E. O. Palmer, Miss Mamie Voigt, Miss Elizabeth Hoag, Miss Phyllis Beveridge, and Miss Elizabeth Ryan.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Marsh have taken the Phillips home in Beverly Hills for the summer, temporarily closing their home in Westchester place. Mrs. Marsh and her two daughters will enjoy an outdoor existence, with horseback riding and other summer pastimes, and many merry house parties.

Miss Virginia Walsh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Walsh of Harvard boulevard, will leave for San Francisco the latter part of this month to attend the marriage of Miss Arabella Morrow to Mr. Harold Mann. Miss Walsh is planning to sail for Europe after the wedding, in company with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Axton Jones of Piedmont.

After a long absence in Europe, where she has been attending school and pursuing her musical studies, Miss Emmeline Childs has returned to Los Angeles, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Ozro W. Childs.

That there are other things than pretty frocks and love affairs and gay times to appeal to the younger set was proved this week by the organization of a little club formed of about twenty of the society girls to assist the children at the Los Angeles Orphans'

Home. The meeting was held at a luncheon given by Miss Katherine Johnson, who is president. Other officers are Miss Daphne Drake, first vice president, Miss Aileen McCarthy, second vice president, Miss Ruth Powell, secretary, and Miss Juliette Boileau, treasury.

Mrs. Hugh Stewart of Alhambra gave a delightful children's party for her little son and daughter Thursday afternoon.

Another children's party of the week was that given Wednesday by Mrs. Carrol Allen for Gwinne and Carol Allen, about thirty youngsters having been bidden.

Mr. and Mrs. Don E. Lee of Shatto place gave a charming dinner and dancing party Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Anna Olney of San Francisco, who has been their house guest for several weeks. A centerpiece of Cecil Brunners decorated the table, with sprays of buds and maidenhair ferns scattered over the cloth. Monogrammed cards marked places for Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fryman, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Mueller, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Allen Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Patee, Miss May Ridgeway, Miss Katherine Ridgeway, Mr. Bradner W. Lee, Jr., Mr. Harry B. Ham and Mr. Richard Garvey.

Miss Sallie McFarland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dan McFarland, is in Bremerton, Washington, where she is the guest of Lieutenant and Mrs. Frank Grosse—the latter remembered here as Miss Elizabeth Hicks.

Mrs. Margaret Hughes entertained a number of friends Thursday afternoon with a luncheon in honor of her granddaughters, Mrs. Paul Selby and Miss Margaret Moore, who have returned from a long stay in South Africa.

Mrs. Charles Ernest Kaltenbach and her little daughter, of Cleveland, N. J., who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Telfair Creighton, have left for the east in company with Mrs. Brent Bigelow Neal of Chicago.

In honor of Miss Helen Bushnell, a popular bride-elect, Miss Alice Atwell Flint of Kingsley Drive gave a dainty tea Wednesday afternoon for the younger set. This afternoon Mrs. W. H. Stearns will compliment Miss Bushnell with a bridge party.

Mrs. Allen Zent entertained Monday with a bridge party at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Charles W. Hinchcliffe of Crenshaw boulevard. Roses and ferns and Scotch broom decorated the rooms. Guests included Mrs. M. C. Burnett, Mrs. Francis Pierpont Davis, Mrs. Helen Henderson Steckel, Mrs. H. M. Meier, Mrs. Roger Miller, Mrs. David McCarthy, Mrs. L. P. Whaley, Mrs. William Keim, Mrs. T. Beverly Keim, Mrs. H. T. Wyatt, Mrs. Harold Baker, Mrs. Charles Kaltenbach, Mrs. Charles Patterson, Mrs. John Vales, Mrs. R. L. Horton, Mrs. Fred Roberts, Miss Helen Kemper, Miss Katherine Kemper, Miss Grace Monk, Miss Jane Hawk, Miss Jane Lamb.

Mr. and Mrs. Addison B. Jones and Mr. and Mrs. J. A. H. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Woods and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Waters are at San Diego.

Mr. Joseph Sartori and Miss Juliette Boileau are in Yosemite Valley, where they will join a number of Los Angeles who are planning a visit among the big trees.

Miss Grace Mathis, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. E. N. Mathis, and Miss Carrie Weston of San Francisco, who has

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been her house guest, are enjoying a trip to the Yosemite. Miss Mathis will return in time to attend the marriage of her cousin, Miss Adele Nichols, whose marriage to Mr. Weller will take place in June.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bradley Wheeler and little daughter will occupy the Robert J. Burdette home at Cliff-ton-by-the-Sea for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. William A. Morehouse of Bonnie Brae street, accompanied by their son and Mrs. Anna Fox of San Francisco are motoring across the continent.

Miss Mildred Powers complimented Miss Mildred Neiswender and Mrs. Le-lan Gillespie and her house guest, Miss Margaret Street, with a daintily appointed bridge luncheon Wednesday afternoon. Covers were laid for twenty, and decorations were in spring blossoms.

Mr. and Mrs. Woods R. Woolwine are established in their summer cottage at Hermosa Beach.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry Owen Eversole will return the latter part of the month from a motoring trip through the north.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Burton E. Green and Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Flint will pass the coming week at the Craggs Country Club, accompanied by their children.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. A. Off have taken an apartment at the Rex Arms. They will go to San Juan Capistrano later in the season.

#### At Hotel del Coronado

Mrs. W. P. Plumer and Mr. Harold P. Plumer are at Hotel Coronado, having motored down from Los Angeles.

Among guests at the hotel are Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Phillips and Mr. Forbes Lindsay.

Mr. D. M. Tuttle, accompanied by Dr. Charles D. Walker of Portland, is a guest at the hotel for a few days.

#### Around the World Tours

Mr. D. F. Robertson, manager Steamship Dept. Citizens Trust and Savings Bank, 308 to 310 South Broadway, has reduced the first class Around the World rates to \$480.50. This is cheaper than staying at home.—Adv.

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## MUSIC AND ART IN DRESDEN

I have seen no recent information in regard to the "Parsifal" protection movement; but as Zurich has just given that opera with more or less success, and Paris, Charlottenburg and Bremen will produce it in January, 1914 (the German copyright law giving the protection till the end of this year), it looks as if any official protection would be useless.


I read last year in the American papers that this was to be a "year of mourning" at Bayreuth; but as I see Siegfried Wagner has engaged Helena Forti, now at the Court Opera House here, to sing "Sieglinde" and "Kundry," there will no doubt be the usual performances at Bayreuth this summer. Hans Richter, the venerable Wagner leader at Bayreuth, recently celebrated his seventieth birthday rather quietly. May 22, Wagner's one hundredth anniversary, he will be properly honored as probably the greatest Wagner orchestra director. The Woman's Wagner Society will have a grand celebration at Bremen, with living pictures.

There was recently a performance of the "Meistersingers" at Barmen when the best seats cost but twenty cents! Dresden holds her Wagner celebration May 6, under Schuch's leadership; with the principal male singers of the court opera, at the Frauen church, when part of "Parsifal" and the "Last Supper of the Apostles" will be given. The seats were being sold rapidly as early as April 12. "Rheingold" was recently given at the Opera House with new singers in various roles, new scenery and costumes. What struck me as novel was the "Rhein Maidens" with mermaid tails. They were swung from wires, instead of fastened to iron rods and directed from below. The effect was certainly more natural (though one of the maidens collided with the scenery in swimming about the Rheingold) and gave the effect of really swimming in water. The "Rheingold," however, was a very small nugget, and its light went out very suddenly when Albricht grasped it. "Loge" was clothed in flame colored silk tunic with innumerable ribbons, which fluttered as he moved about, giving a wonderful effect of flames in motion. The Nieblungen abode was hardly a success, as the effect of distance in the subterranean world was not apparent; and the last scene closed with the gods standing on a pointed cap of rock with no chance of reaching Walhalla except by a dive into the Rhein, or the use of wings or a more modern aeroplane or balloon.

Orchestra Director Hagen directed his last opera when "Tannhauser" was given this month; received numerous gifts and honors (Court Councillor among other titles) and was feted on all hands by his colleagues and societies. His successor is Karl Pembaur. The new royal playhouse in nearing completion and will be opened in the fall of this year. It will fill a long felt want, giving Dresden an opera house and play house separated by the old Zwinger, instead of by the river and half of the new city, as at present.

An operetta called "Du Lieber-Augustin" has had a run of more than one hundred performances at the Central Theater, and is still being given at matinees. The music is by Leo Fall, who directed the one hundredth performance. Such a run is unusual on the continent.

We were recently treated to two performances of the "Blue Bird" by Reinhardt's Berlin company. One has heard so much of Reinhardt's wonderful genius in staging plays, that one expected to be quite bowled over; but except in one or two scenes there was nothing to wonder about, unless the fact of such mediocrity as presenting a scene with cloth hangings to represent pillars of a hall. Stripes of cloth that waved to and fro in every draft and were secured to the steps—which formed the stage—with a stick of wood! Several of the characters were well acted; the



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cat and dog and the mother of the children, who also took the part of "Motherlove." The byplay between the various symbolic characters was splendid, but the whole play was disappointing and Reinhardt has not gained any prestige and hurt the Dresden public's pride, that he could give them such a poor performance at big prices. The music by Humperdinck was very suitable to the play and the best part of the performance.

Dresden people are getting up petitions and putting notices in the papers to arouse the feelings of the operagoers, because Carl Perron, one of the great singers of Germany, who has been twenty-odd years in Dresden and whose contract will not be renewed, now that he has only a year or more to stay and be pensioned. He is a great actor as well as singer and his singing of the prologue and acting in "Pallacci" (which, by the bye, is called the "Bajazzo" here in Germany) was a rare treat which I enjoyed recently. He is always given an enthusiastic reception whenever he appears in opera. Karl Burrien has left the Vienna opera house because he did not think he was treated properly by the public. He will be shut out of Austrian opera houses for breach of contract.

The well-known band leader and operetta composer, C. M. Ziehrer, recently celebrated his fiftieth anniversary in Vienna. Prof. Adolf Slaby who was the first to receive a wireless message in 1895 at Lavernock Point, and whose discoveries in the world of wireless technic have been numerous, recently died in Berlin. Otto Schlick, discoverer of the use of the gyroscope in seadying boats, has also passed beyond at the age of seventy-three.

There is a movement among the artist associations to have a copyright law enacted giving them thirty years control of reproductions of their works, no matter by whom owned. I was sorry to read in one of the papers lately that our California artist, Toby Rosenthal, was seriously ill at Erlangen. As no further reports have come out, I hope he is much improved by this time. There is an interesting exhibit of the designs for the new municipal building to be erected in Dresden. There seems to be a similarity in so many of the new buildings here; probably to keep in harmony with the old ones. Some of the bath establishments have most interesting facades, with figures in high relief and aquatic ornamentation of all sorts carved on front.

There have been several exhibits of paintings recently that were worth attending if only to see what is now done under the name of Art. Strong, bold brush work that made promising beginnings, but were not pictures, only studies; others with naive landscapes in poison greens, with some Cranach

# Yosemite

## "Spring Opening"

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figures in all their awkward curves and corners, neither beautiful in subject nor handling, and in their fidelity to the model most immodest in detail. The continent has not changed for the better in two decades. Some work by Paul Baum deserves more than a passing mention not only on account of the peculiar method (a series of dabs of every possible color over the whole canvas), which was wonderfully effective in its suggestion of vibrating atmosphere and quivering sunlight. Mannered, to be sure, but with great method in its madness.

I find that the recent landing of airships in France has brought up a feeling of toughness in Germany and France that is as dry as tinder. Thus far, France has behaved admirably; but today the papers announce another German two-decker flying machine has landed near Nancy, where German business men recently were mistreated, and even the official papers have been making a mountain out of that mole hill. It would seem a better plan for the Germans to stop all flights in the neighborhood of the frontier; for the excited feelings of both nations cannot stand too many such unfortunate events.

C. M. M.

Dresden, Germany, April 28, 1913.

"The Long Way," a new Washington society novel, by Mary Imlay Taylor, author of "The Impersonator," "Caleb Trench," and other books, will shortly be published. It is described as "a moving drama of love, of sisterly devotion, and of self-sacrifice that at first seems wasted, but later resolves itself into a

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beacon light, pointing the right way to half a dozen or more people blinded by the tempest of their passions."



# Cheaters

By Caroline Reynolds

Even a play of commonplace attractions would glow with the reflected luster of an all-star cast such as is playing "Fine Feathers" at the Mason Opera House this week, and when the drama is of such excellence as this latest offering of Eugene Walter's it fairly scintillates. Walter's first great success in "Paid in Full" marked him as a dramatist worthy of attention, and in his "Fine Feathers" he has used a strikingly similar situation, garbed anew and with slight changes in the personnel. There is a good deal of melodrama and theatrical trickery in the play, but there is also a fine handling of a peculiar situation of modern civilization and an inexhaustible fund of comedy to lighten what would otherwise be a solemn theme.

Bob Reynolds, a young chemist, with high ideals and Utopian dreams, has a charming young wife who longs for the pretty things and the good times of life. They have been inveigled into buying a cheap bungalow on Staten Island, and the swindling realty corporation gets nearly all of Bob's ready cash. Mrs. Reynolds succumbs to her love of finery in various ways, finally using the money for the butcher's bill to purchase a new hat. She hates the scrimping, the saving and when John Brand, a big contractor and a classmate of Bob, offers the latter a chance to earn forty thousand dollars by approving an inferior grade of cement for a big dam construction, Jane bitterly reproaches him for not accepting. Bob will not betray the trust put in him as head chemist; balks at the idea of assisting Brand to evade the specifications by passing the poor cement, despite Brand's assertion that the cheaper cement will last a hundred years and the concentrated cement is a foolish expenditure. But Jane's machinations finally defeat Bob's inherent honesty and he falls into the trap, not for his own gain, but to please the woman he loves. He gets caught in the whirl of Wall street, loses his fortune, through Brand's treachery, and is guilty of drawing a draft on a bank where he has no funds. He tries to hold up Brand by informing him that he will betray their trickery, that he will go to jail, but will take Brand with him. The latter puts a pin into this balloon by his threat to implicate Mrs. Reynolds as an accessory. Yet Brand does come to his assistance by meeting the overdraft, then, just as Jane and Bob are trying to pick up the loose threads of their life and start anew there comes word that the dam has broken, that hundreds of persons have been killed. Brand tries to get Bob and Jane off to Europe to escape the investigation and incidentally, so that Bob may shoulder the crime. But Bob can stand no more; if he stays in New York, Brand will implicate Jane; if he gets away they must forever flee like thieves in the night. He solves the problem in an intensely dramatic way. With fine simplicity he tells Jane of the wonderful love he has always had for her; and that he has found the way out. He calls the police station and orders that an officer be sent to the house, that there is a case of suicide, and as his wife screams, he flicks off the light, there is a shot, the sound of a falling body, and the end has come. The woman, her mean little

soul in the grasp of hysteria, sobs, but never realizes that she has murdered her husband as truly as though she fired the shot, not only has she killed his body, but his manliness, his honor and the soul of him, and all for the desire for silk against her flesh and furs about her throat and the glitter of jewels on her fingers.

It is not a pleasant play, but it is a good thing for men and women of modern days to see. It is well written, the characters are etchings, clean-cut and compelling, and there is never a lapse of interest in one moment of the action. One might quarrel with Mr. Walter for several discrepancies, but as a whole "Fine Feathers" is the best thing he has done, and one of the best American plays the stage has had.

Its production is a thing of joy. Robert Edeson as Bob Reynolds acts with a sincerity that was lacking in one or two of his latest portrayals. He seems to have gained a new poise and have doffed one or two mannerisms. The third act is tremendously good and his handling of the telephone scene and suicide mighty thrilling. Wilton Lackaye's portrait of John Brand is

of stairway curtains too short for their windows is resented.

## "Hanky-Panky" at the Majestic

Los Angeles has rarely seen cheaper vulgarity in a play than in "Hanky-Panky," which is at the Majestic this week. It is dubbed "A Jumble of Jollification in Two Acts," but while the jumble is there, the jollification occurs only at intervals. There is nothing in worse taste than the involving of an audience in the performance of a comedy. Florence Moore, one of the stars of the aggregation, and as good a comedienne as we have seen for a good while, disports herself to the point of sending the house into hysterics. But instead of using her discretion, and stopping while she is still liked, she not only draws out her antics to the boring point, but she and her partner are guilty of the unforgivable offense of "guying" the audience. No theater should permit a performer to attract



BELLE BAKER, CHARACTER SINGER, AT THE ORPHEUM

given with that finish and polish that is associated with a diamond, clean, and cold. Despite his many mannerisms and his bad enunciation, Max Figman's gifts as a comedian and his serious talents as well are displayed in Dick Meade, the reporter whose friendship for Bob is exceeded only by his love for Jane, which is never given voice. Lolita Robertson is just the cool, pretty, feminine type for Mrs. Reynolds, although her ideas of costuming are strange, and the be-feathered hat that really starts the ball rolling is a weird and unbecoming concoction. An eccentric Swede girl is funnily and broadly played by Amelia Summers. The settings are David Belascoan in their faithfulness to detail—so perfect in fact that the jarring note

attention to any spectator. It is a discourtesy to the patron who has paid his money to witness the show, an outrage of good taste, and its humor appeals only to the coarse-grained, who are fond of suggestive lines, such as abound in "Hanky-Panky," and who go to a musical comedy only because they consider its anatomical proportions. Miss Moore is the bright particular star of the "Hanky-Panky" company, so far as comedy goes. There are so-called funny men a-plenty in Bobby North, Max Rogers and Harry Cooper, but the trio is given too much leeway, both as to the breadth and the length of their lines. They should be "squelched." The blue pencil of the censor is sadly needed. There are many laughs in the offering, however,

## THE HOTEL ALEXANDRIA

Announces the return of the famous

## Herr Ferdinand Stark

and his celebrated orchestra whose superb concerts will be a feature of After-Theater Suppers in the Exclusive Mission Grill

After the matinee the ladies will take delight in the dainty Afternoon Tea served in the Main Dining Salon

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A conversation over the Homephone is more private than a conversation in your own boudoir.

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## ACCIDENTS UNNECESSARY

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle — better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

LOS ANGELES RAILWAY CO.



and the tuneful songs on several occasions rouse the house to vociferous demand for encores. Much interest centers about the appearance of Christine Nielsen. Her voice is as pleasing as ever, a bird-like soprano of chiming sweetness, but Christine has acquired a double chin and a matronly air that makes her unrecognizable as the former slim, graceful songbird who had the town at her feet when she played with Ferris Hartman. Not that Christine is less pulchritudinous, but she seems to have become almost a stranger. The production is sumptuous, both as to costuming and background, although there seems no excuse for several of the chorus maidens' paucity of clothing. The members are good to look upon and well trained, but their scantiness of apparel, in places, is appalling at times.

#### Good Program at the Orpheum

Almost any taste could be pleased by the program at the Orpheum this week; there is music, laughter, dancing, comedy, acrobatics and "drammer." The latter is embodied in a travesty on the old-time "down east" melodrama, "More Sinned Against Than Usual." The only fault to be found with this offering is its length. Brevity is the soul of wit, and it is better to leave an audience laughing than tired out. The absurdities of the turn are many and sure to tickle the risibles, and the illustrated songs of the tenor are howling burlesques. When Percy Waram visited Los Angeles for the first time last year in "The Bosun's Mate" he made a tremendous hit, and his return this week in the same sketch proves that audiences find him just as funny as they did last season. It is indeed a rollicking farce, and Waram's picture of the jaunty Tommy Atkins brings down the house. He is well assisted by Ruth Kuerth and Frank Sherlock. The Three Bohemians, grotesquely made-up, proffer the sort of music that seems to have an especial appeal for vaudeville audience, and as a result they are given repeated encores. Chester Spencer and Irene Williams would succeed in their dancing, singing and talking act if the latter were to be eliminated, and a kind but firm mentor were to restrain Chester's piercing voice from warbling inane ditties. When Chester keeps still and Irene sings and they both dance the house likes them. The Power Brothers are skilled athletes and acrobats, and holdovers are Daisy Jerome, the Sandor circus and Semon, the narrow fellow. The motion pictures are better as to synchronism this week, but the sketch offered is what is commonly termed a "scream."

#### Offerings for Next Week

Sunday afternoon will occur one of the most interesting and important offerings of the local stock stage, when Byron Ongley's new play, "The Path of Glory" will be produced, with Florence Reed, William Desmond and Malcolm Williams in the chief roles. "The Path of Glory" is said to be one of the most sensational and unusual dramas that have come to the native stage in years. It is by Byron Ongley and Emily Neiltry, who were responsible for "The Typhoon." The plot of the play will not be revealed until its premier performance, but it is a psychological study of the mysteries of a woman's nature. It was written by Mr. Ongley as a starring vehicle for Miss Reed, and should it prove the success anticipated will be put on in New York. It contains excellent parts for the other members of the Morosco company, including William Desmond, Malcolm Williams, Harrison Hunter, Grace Valentine, etc. For the last three weeks the company has been rehearsing it under the personal direction of Mr. Ongley, which should insure a production of unusual worth.

"Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" will conclude its run at the Burbank Saturday evening, and Sunday afternoon William C. DeMille's sensational dra-

matic success, "The Woman," will be produced, which, under the Belasco direction, proved one of the biggest hits of New York a season or two ago and duplicated this success on the road. It is now touring the east at the \$2 scale of prices. It is a powerful play of love, politics and courage, and should offer fine opportunity to the various members of the Burbank company. It really is without a leading part, the characters being of almost equal importance, although the principal feminine role is that of the little telephone girl who outwits the canniest politicians of Washington. It has been in rehearsal for three weeks, and should be given an excellent production by the Burbank company, which seems especially well fitted for the play.

Playgoers of Los Angeles and vicinity have been having a dramatic treat this week in Eugene Walter's latest play, "Fine Feathers," at the Mason Opera House, and those who have failed to get seats thus far will be rejoiced to know that the second week of the engagement will begin Monday night, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday. It is a genuine "all-star cast." The company giving this play a brilliant production includes Robert Edeson, Wilton Lackaye, Max Figman, Rose Coghlan, Lolita Robertson and Amelia Summers, and is without doubt the most important combination of celebrities that Los Angeles has had. They come here almost direct from an engagement of 150 nights at the Astor Theater, New York, and five months in Chicago. Aside from the wonderful cast, "Fine Feathers" is a big drama, and one of the successes of the century. It is indeed the "joy and delight" it was declared by the advance man.

Beginning tonight the Lew Fields show, "Hanky Panky," which has been at the Majestic theater this week, will open its second and final week in Los Angeles. "Hanky Panky" has a large aggregation of Broadway stars in its cast, including Max Rogers, Clay Smith, Myrtle Gilbert, Bobby North, Christine Nielsen, Flo May, Harry Cooper, William Montgomery and Florence Moore. Miss Moore has been proving herself a comedienne of parts and is making a big hit. The offering is sumptuously staged, with a large beauty chorus stunningly costumed. There are many song hits and a number of mirth-provoking specialties. The piece is now in its 89th consecutive week, having broken records in all the eastern cities. There will be the usual matinee Wednesday and Saturday.

Kolb and Dill's engagement at the Lyceum theater in the big revival of Frank Stammers' musical comedy, "Peck o' Pickles," has proved a successful that there will be a second week beginning Sunday night. In "Peck o' Pickles," Kolb and Dill are said to have found one of their best vehicles. It has been revised in many ways since its first production at the Majestic last season, with new song hits and other features. It contains good parts for both of the comedians, who create bigger laughs at every performance. After the conclusion of "Peck o' Pickles," Kolb and Dill will make their farewell in the revival of the biggest success they have ever known, "Lonesome Town." This will conclude the engagement of these favorite comedians in this city.

But one act remains over on the new bill announced for the Orpheum for the week opening Monday matinee, May 19—Percy Waram and company in "The Bos'n's Mate." Seven new acts are scheduled, headed by Belle Baker, the American comedienne, whose boast is that she does everything differently. Miss Baker has her own songs, her own gowns and her own way of "putting 'em over." Col. J. A. Pattee and his "Old Soldier Fiddlers" are well known here, with their oldtime melodies. They are uneducated musically, but play by ear on the fiddles which they made sing through the war of '61. "The Window of Aspirations" is a

### HAMBURGER'S MAJESTIC THEATER

Broadway, near Ninth. LOS ANGELES' LEADING PLAYHOUSE Oliver Morosco, Manager

Beginning Sunday Night, May 18, second week of

## Lew Fields' All Star Co.

In the Melodious Jumble of Jollification.

## HANKY PANKY

With the Same ALL STAR CAST—Max Rogers, Bobby North, Harry Cooper, Hugh Cameron, Clay Smith, William Montgomery, Christine Neilson, Myrtle Gilbert, Virginia Evans, Flora May, Percy Weller, and Florence Moore.

15 STARS—1000 LAUGHS—50 SIRENIC BEAUTIES.  
Prices: Nights and Saturday Matinee, 50c to \$2; Popular Wed. Mat., 50c to \$1.50.

MOROSCO THEATER Broadway bet. Seventh and Eighth  
MATINEES THURSDAYS, SATURDAYS AND SUNDAYS.

Beginning Sunday Matinee, May 18,

## Florence Reed, William Desmond

and the MOROSCO PRODUCING COMPANY will give the first production on any stage of Byron Ongley's new play,

## THE PATH OF GLORY

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER Main Street. Near Sixth.

Beginning Sunday Matinee, May 18,

First Stock Production of the Big Drama,

## "THE WOMAN"

Broadway, bet. 6th & 7th. Home 10477. Main 977. ORPHEUM THEATER THE STANDARD OF VAUDEVILLE  
AMERICA'S FINEST THEATER—ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF.

Week Beginning Monday Matinee, May 19,

BELLE BAKER Character Singer  
"WINDOW OF APPARITIONS" Maskelyne-Devant's mystery  
Thomas A. Edison's Latest and Greatest TALKING MOTION PICTURES  
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OLD SOLDIER FIDDLERS Col. J. A. Pattee's Co.  
HARRY B. LESTER Jovial Jester  
ISHIKAWA BROS. Japanese Equilibrists  
PERCY WARAM & CO. "The Bos'n's Mate"

Every Night at 8, 10-25-50-75c; Boxes \$1. Matinee at 2 Daily, 10-25-50c; Boxes 75c.

### MASON OPERA HOUSE

Broadway bet. First and Second streets.

Charles Frohman—Klaw & Erlanger, Lessees. W. T. WYATT, Manager.

Beginning Monday evening, May 19, second triumphant week of

The Original All-Star production of Eugene Walter's Masterpiece,

## Fine Feathers

Notable Cast Includes ROBERT EDESON, MAX FIGMAN, LOLITA ROBERTSON, WILTON LACKAYE, ROSE COGHLAN, AMELIA SUMMERS.

Direct from Astor Theater, New York.

Prices 50c to \$2. Seats Thursday.

LYCEUM THEATER—Spring St. bet. 2nd and 3rd Sts. The Home of Musical Comedy

## KOLB & DILL

and their merry company in the fastest musical comedy hit of the season,

## PECK O' PICKLES

Every Night at 8:15—Matinee Wednesday and Saturday.  
Popular Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.

puzzler from St. George's Hall, London's home of mysteries. A window is shown on the stage, set in a frame that admits of inspection on all sides. In its frames appear various pictures and scenes, brought forth, apparently, without human aid. Harry B. Lester in his monologue, will give among other things imitations of well known actors. Fraker Wood, formerly of musical comedy stellar rank, and Bunee Wyde, a pretty blonde assistant, will have a line of patter, song and dance to offer, and Ishikawa brothers, Japanese athletes, will show the prowess of the little brown men. Howard & Lawrence have a skit called "The Cigar Girl and the Drummer," composed of song and talk. With the Waram skit, the orchestral concert and the Edison pictures, the bill is completed.

THE GRAPHIC pays more attention to Music and Drama than any similar publication on the coast.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.  
March 22, 1913.

Not coal lands. 016848  
NOTICE is hereby given that George S. Welch, whose post-office address is 212 International Bank Bldg., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 9th day of November, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 016848, to purchase the E½NE¼, Section 22; W½NW¼, Section 23, Township 1 South, Range 19 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$240.00 and the land \$160.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 4th day of June, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California. Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.







# Books

Poets have been called the worst of critics, and there have been notorious examples of their failure to attain to that colder judicial air which should in some degree affect the critic. Poets are usually subject to strong partialities and bitter antipathies through the fact that they are themselves given over to a vital theory and must judge other poets by the light of that vision. But it has been further noted that a poet's appreciations are fine, keen, and creative, the best in that kind, and that kind the best part of critical judgments. Witness the justness and unequalled brilliance of Symonds and Swinburne as critics of their fellows.

John Drinkwater, himself no mean poet, has written a fascinating and illuminating study of William Morris. Though he feels a close affinity with the "upholsterer-poet," he does not rant or idolize in his praise, but in a clear and conclusive analysis shows the just greatness of that most interesting figure of the last half-century. His essay is remarkably coherent: he has a few main contentions which he continually keeps before the reader, and with it all is so lucid as to hold the most casual observer keen in the pursuit of wonders. That is to say it is as clear and simple as the man it explains: an unusual merit in criticism.

In an introductory chapter Mr. Drinkwater modestly offers a new definition of poetry: "Poetry seems to me to be the announcement of spiritual discovery." This definition he shows to be applicable to every work of William Morris. Morris, he says, took to the mediaeval because of its simplicity, and later when he attained to a philosophy of life tried to create an earthly paradise "wherein all the simple but positive things stand out shining . . . undimmed by questioning doubt on the one hand, or a cloud of superficial intricacies of circumstance on the other . . . where the natural impulses of men are unfettered by all save eternal circumstance. To love and if needs be to battle for love, to labor and find labor the one unchanging delight, to be intimate with all the moods and seasons of the earth, to be generous alike in triumph and defeat," such a theory of life is held in all of Morris from the "Defense of Guinevere" to "News From Nowhere."

One is inclined to believe that Morris' first attraction to the mediaeval was not so considered and philosophical as Mr. Drinkwater thinks. Was it rather in him too that romantic interest that moved the other Preraphaelites, the discovery in the remote and mysterious past of a life full of color, of strong individuality, of lawless freedom, of magnificent loves and hates? One feels that to all this the later intrusion of labor is foreign, that Morris from his own artistic theory grafted on such a world the new socialistic "dignity" of work. The resulting composite ideal is poetical, beautiful, and quite impossible. But in such a world of imaginary perfection Morris lived. Each poem, socialistic essay, and prose romance springs from a spiritual discovery in this wonderful Utopia. Never does he waste time in complaining of the crookedness of things, but fashions a life where all is quite as it should be.

Mr. Drinkwater is at his best in an unerring perception of the beauties of poetry. He criticises with consummate skill and eminent justice. Knowing how and what to praise he brings also to his criticism a clear analytical mind;

so trenchant are his observations on the dramatic value of Sir Peter Harpdon's "End and Love is Enough," that one looks eagerly for his writing further on the drama.

It might be complained that he has dealt too casually with the great prose romances; these one would place among Morris' highest achievements. Against the contention that "material subjected to the highest creative energy" undergoes a "spiritual fusion that makes verse necessary to complete expression," one feels that the nobility of prose is not inferior but parallel to the perfection of poetry, that prose and poetry are equal glories. Dryden has spoken of "that other harmony of prose."

But for all that "William Morris: A Critical Study" deserves to be ranked with the fine "Life" by Mr. Macneil. It has the success of criticism—to rouse one to read again the work so inspiringly praised. ("William Morris." By John Drinkwater. Mitchell Kennerley.) C. K. J.

## "The White Shrine"

There is a satirical fling at the poses and hypocrisies of the Great Many in Gerald Villiers-Stuart's novel, "The White Shrine," which is said to have caused both indignant and approving discussion in the inner circles of art and literature in London, in which the most of it is laid. Americans may find it hard to grasp a few of the English situations portrayed, but there is sufficient of human nature in the book to interest even a person who has never before looked into the covers of an English novel. Villiers-Stuart is clever with his pen, bitingly yet not sneeringly sarcastic, with a heroine more human than most and a hero who has seen life, while his villain is an interesting study. It is a cynical tale—one feels that Villiers-Stuart is laughing at his public throughout it, but there are moments of simple pathos that are intense, and the picture of the Red Lady, a minor but dominant character of the story, creeps close to the heart. ("The White Shrine." By Gerald Villiers-Stuart. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

## Magazines of the Month

Mrs. Humphrey Ward's new novel, "The Coryston Family," is given its first installment in the May Harper's. Short stories include "Beyond the Tides," by Richard Matthews Hallett, "The Great Little Man," by Florida Pier, "Landlocked," by Grace Lathrop Collin, "The End and the Means," by Katherine Gerould, "Mr. Munro's Doctrine," by Clarence Day, Jr., "A Hostage to Virtue," by Olivia Howard Dunbar, and "The Little Wet Foot," a two-part story. Gilbert Parker's novel, "The Judgment House," is concluded. There are editorial discussions of interest and articles including "The Wilderness of Northern Korea," "Captain of the Seven Seas," Stefansson's "Quest of the Arctic," papers and "Lincoln's Alma Mater."

No prettier cover design has appeared for months than the American Magazine shows for June. John Rae has depicted a girl in a scarlet cloak with sand dunes and a summer sea for background, and the effect leaves nothing to be desired. Equally pleasant things are to be found within the cover, notably "The Joys of the True Walker," by Walter Pritchard Eaton, beautifully illustrated with paintings by Walter King Stone. Miss Tarbell has the second article of the "Hunt for

## Moore's Non-Leakable Pens

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should we spill any here  
to tell about them

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a Money Trust," dealing this time with the stock market, and a reply by an ex-president of the Stock Exchange. Fiction is by James Francis Dwyer, David Grayson, Louis Graves, V. H. Cornell, Stanley R. Osborne and Arnold Bennett.

## Notes From Bookland

Sir Gilbert Parker says that he made "The Judgment House" a study in conscience: "There I handle a problem, but so delicately that a schoolgirl might read the book and not know the problem is there. Yet it is there all the time, but only for those who know. There is not a suggestive word in the entire book. The problem is there in precisely the way that such things are in life. In life a woman does something that brings about a situation which in literature we call a problem. There is never anything suggestive about the situation in life. In life the problem is there because of loneliness on her part or impulse or love or worship of beauty. It has come, as a rule, in some simple, natural way. In my book there is only one sentence that actually touches the problem. It is when she turns and asks, 'Did he defend me?' That tells the whole story to those who know; to the uninitiate it tells nothing."

Alfred Noyes, recently, after a lecture at Dartmouth College, received the following dispatch from President Dr. Ernest Fox Nichols:

Come back to us in winter-time, in winter-time, in winter-time;  
Come back to us in wintertime (it isn't far from Boston.)

The college hasn't had nearly enough yet, so won't you and Mrs. Noyes try to return to us later for two or three days. Mr. Knapp is telegraphing your manager for another longer engagement. Please influence the tyrant to grant it.

The first part of this telegram is a parody of a refrain in Mr. Noyes' "The Barrel-Organ."

Come down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time;  
Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)  
And you shall wander hand in hand with love in Summer's wonder-land;  
Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)

At first Dickens was popular because of those literary and sentimental vices which belonged to his age, observes a writer in the London Times. "Little

Nell" was thought to be his masterpiece; and then came a time when she was thrown in his teeth. But he would not have survived this reaction if his weaknesses had not been accidents of his genius, like the Elizabethan weaknesses of Shakespeare. His sentimentalities are forgiven because he was not by nature sentimental, as we forgive the anger of a hot-tempered man who is naturally kind. In the conception of his characters, in his whole view of life, Dickens is right by instinct. He only went wrong when he tried to make the public of his own day see that he was right, when he explained matters in terms which he thought would appeal to them.

Locke's "Stella Maris" is winning a great success in London. One critic in his enthusiasm says that it came to him as the cry of April, bidding him renew himself once more with a gesture of faith in the holiness and joyousness of life. Curiously enough, the day that the book was published a fishing-boat called Stella Maris was reported wrecked in the Outer Hebrides with a loss of five lives.

"It is because I love women that I am for free women," says W. L. George, author of "Women and Tomorrow." "I cannot lose sight," he adds, "of the fact that we heard hardly anything of woman's suffrage for nearly forty years, in which the agitation was peaceful, whereas it became a vital issue inside the next three years because windows were smashed and cabinet ministers' meetings were broken up. The English are a slow people and need rousing."

Another argument in behalf of the anti-Baconians is advanced by J. Henry Harper, author of "The House of Harper," who has just returned to New York after passing the winter abroad. Mr. Harper recalls an incident, described to him by Sir Henry Irving, which happened at the opening of the Shakespeare Memorial Theater at Stratford. Among the visitors was a very old man, who on being asked what he thought of the Baconian theory, remarked that there were many local terms used in the plays with which Bacon could not have been familiar. He cited one in particular, and, on consulting a concordance, Irving discovered that the word was indeed a local expression used nowhere but in that neighborhood.



# Stocks & Bonds

Dull and featureless are the only terms to apply when describing the condition of the market on the Los Angeles Stock Exchange for the current week, as price changes have been within a limited range. Brokers believe this condition is likely to continue for a time to come, judging from present indications.

Slackening of the trading pace on the local board of late is not so discouraging as might appear on the surface. Business on most exchanges is usually dull at this season and the market is easily oversold. There is little opportunity to trade on the bull side and until prices are on an upturn the opportunities for speculation are few.

Bank stocks have been unusually quiet. Not a single transaction in this form of security has been recorded. Last week the sales were few, but this week they are nil.

Oil stocks have declined all along the line with the exception of Union which is unchanged from last week, and Maricopa Northern which shows a fractional gain, now selling at 4 1/4c, and National Pacific is practically unchanged at 4 1/4c.

Consolidated Mines has manifested the only activity in the mining list. It has been an active trader, starting at 5c, dropping to 2c, and then rallying a half point before the end of the week. Alleged reason for the decline is a report that the last milling failed to realize the expectations promised. All over the country mining quotations are stagnant, although the reports from many districts show increased production and the metal markets have been steady and firm.

In the industrial list the only feature in the week has been the increase of dividend of the Consolidated Realty Company from 5 to 6% per annum. A 3% semi-annual dividend is declared for June 15. These optimistic reports thus far have had no effect on the price of the stock which is unchanged. Another item of interest is the announcement of a series of short term notes issued by the Pacific Light and Power Corporation which are to bear 6% interest and to be redeemable at the end of a year.

Sugar stocks which were listed here two years ago, but which have not been active traders, are causing northern investors uneasiness owing to the possible effect of the removal of the duty, but so far as the local market is concerned they have never been a feature.

Money seems to be a trifle tighter.

## Banks and Banking

Chicago commercial banks are reported to be still far from a feeling of ease, yet there seems to be a decided opinion that a turn for the better has come about within the week. At least a more confident atmosphere is present and optimists are beginning to see far brighter conditions ahead. It is believed that business will so adjust itself in the very near future that money will be noticeably easier, the reasons given being primarily on account of the fact that the farmer is beginning to release some of his enormous holdings, and, secondly, on account of the change in weather conditions in Lake Superior districts, which have up to a recent date prevented ore and grain laden vessels from making successful passages

to their ultimate destinations, and as a result large quantities of iron are being sent to the furnaces, which, of course, will put no small amount of currency back into circulation.

## Stock and Bond Briefs

Jefferson school district, this county, will vote June 2 on the question of issuing school bonds for \$10,000.

May 31 is the date on which election will be held in the Santa Paula Union high school district on an issue of \$72,000 for school purposes.

Glendora has voted school bonds for \$40,000, and one or more institutions will be erected.

Banning Union High School district will vote May 31 on a \$23,000 issue.

East Newport is considering an issue of \$100,000 for the construction of a jetty and another issue of \$25,000 for improvement of the water system.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,  
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,  
March 7, 1913.

015450 Not coal lands  
NOTICE is hereby given that Maude Kincaid, whose post-office address is 726 E. 33rd St., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 29th day of April, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 015450, to purchase the W 1/2 NE 1/4, N 1/2 SE 1/4, Section 22, Township 1 South, Range 19 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$240.00 and the land \$160.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of her application and sworn statement on the 21st day of May, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California. Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN,  
Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.  
March 22, 1913.

015927 Not coal lands  
NOTICE is hereby given that Hubert R. Holland, whose post-office address is care Elks' Club, Los Angeles, California, did, on the 5th day of July, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 015927, to purchase the NE 1/4 SW 1/4, Section 11, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$60.00 and the land \$40.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 5th day of June, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California. Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

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Undivided Profits, \$244,000.

**CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK**  
S. W. Cor. Third and Main

A. J. WATERS, President.  
E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier.  
Capital, \$1,500,000. Surplus and  
Profits, \$700,000.

**COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK**  
401 South Spring, Cor. Fourth

W. A. BONYNGE, President.  
R. S. HEATON, Cashier.  
Capital, \$200,000. Surplus and  
Undivided Profits, \$73,000.

**FIRST NATIONAL BANK**  
S. W. Cor. Seventh and Spring

J. M. ELLIOTT, President.  
W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier.  
Capital Stock, \$1,250,000.  
Surplus and Profits, \$1,625,000.

**FARMERS & MERCHANTS NAT. BANK**  
Corner Fourth and Main

I. W. HELLMAN, President.  
V. H. ROSSETTI, Cashier.  
Capital, \$1,500,000.  
Surplus and Profits, \$2,000,000.

**MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK**  
S. E. Cor. Third and Spring

W. H. HOLLIDAY, President.  
J. H. RAMBOZ, Cashier.  
Capital, 200,000.00 Surplus and  
Profits, \$800,000.

**NATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA**  
N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring

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Capital, \$500,000.00. Surplus and  
Undivided Profits, \$200,000.

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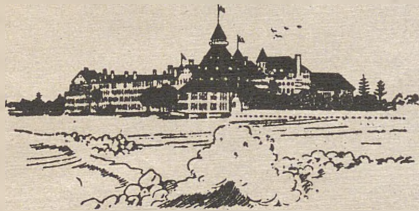
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